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COUNTRY LIFE

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THE WARNING OF SIR ERIC GEDDES

NO doubt, the speech made by Sir Eric Geddes to the Association of Trade Protection Societies at the Hotel Cecil on May 10th is open to the criticism that it comes too late. His main point was that the occupation of the Ruhr is hitting British trade very badly. The answer that this is crying over spilt milk is not sound. It is true that the proper time to have protested against the French occupying the Ruhr district occurred four months ago: then protest might have been made effectually; but it is now too late to avert the mischief. That, however, is no reason that we should not set about the work of rebuilding what is lost. Sir Eric looked at the matter not from a political standpoint, not even from a critical standpoint, but from the view of commercial prosperity. The facts are scarcely open to question. Immediately after the French advance there was a slight temporary boom in coal, iron, steel and coke, with some tendency to rise in certain connected and sympathetic trades. Against that has to be taken into account a serious set-back in wool, cotton textiles and other trades. It is beyond question that the occupation of the Ruhr by the French will have a bad effect on trade of the immediate future. It concerns what used to be three of our best customers—Germany, France and Belgium. With these countries our manufacturers have been accustomed to do business on a very large scale. In connection with this we must bear in mind that the great burden on the back of the British Empire at the present moment is the huge list of

unemployed. It is not only the sign and guarantee of trade being in an unsatisfactory condition, but it is causing taxation to remain so high as to be a handicap on industry. To meet unemployment by doles only is to court disaster; of that there can be no manner of doubt. The only way to get at the root of the matter is by improving our markets and thus making the wheels of industry go round and causing a demand to arise for labour.

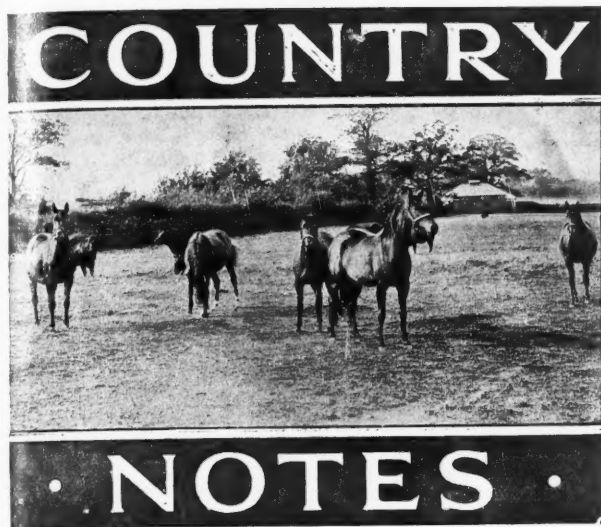
Sir Eric Geddes had no difficulty in showing by analysis that the check to trade experienced is due to the occupation of the Ruhr. Before it took place a recovery was clearly indicated. It was a perceptible recovery and, therefore, a move in the right direction, although inadequate to our requirements, which have been swollen by the additional obligations we have undertaken in connection with the war debt, the American loan, increased expenditure and the additional population our industry has to support; but the improvement in foreign trade proved to be of an evanescent character. All the stimulus derived from the demand for British coal faded away in the first quarter of the present year. The European market has collapsed. "Until," said Sir Eric, "matters are put on a more satisfactory basis in Europe, I see no way in which that purchasing power can return. In the first place, and speaking from real experience, wages in European countries with a depreciated currency have not increased in the same proportion as the currency has depreciated." It is nearly certain, at any rate, that countries with depreciated currencies will prefer to buy and sell among themselves instead of dealing with those countries whose currency has not depreciated. In Germany, France and Belgium, for instance, the exchange comes nearer parity than it does between these countries and Great Britain or America. Hence the reasoning that such custom as they usually bestow on Great Britain and America will be diverted to one of those states which are in the same predicament as themselves.

These are cold facts which statesmanship has to take into account. It will not be easy for the most perfect statesmanship to take the country back to the condition of trade which existed before the war, yet Sir Eric Geddes is perfectly right when he says that to go back to that would not be sufficient. Since the war we have come into new and greater responsibilities. The revenue that would have been sufficient to meet our needs in 1913 is sufficient no longer. For interest on debt and for pensions alone we have to raise about three times what we spent before the war, yet Sir Eric was able to say to his audience, "To-day you buy German or French goods without knowing, and you pay doles to our willing workers who cannot get work." That, at any rate, is a sound argument for having the place of origin stamped on all goods sold at home. Sir Eric directed attention to a letter from Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in the *Times* of April 21st, in which attention was drawn to the fact that a French mechanical engineering concern was advertising for fitters, electricians, mill hands, polishers, etc., to go from this country to France to manufacture an article which would largely be shipped to this country. Thus British capital, British goodwill and British skill are being exported to other countries in order that foreigners may make goods which eventually they will send to Great Britain. As a partial remedy we ought to aim at producing greater efficiency: that is to say, the results per hundred should be increased in the same way that they are being increased in the United States of America. This and the settlement of the Ruhr problem would open the way to greater prosperity; but it is evident that, unless energetic measures are taken to translate these words into action, there is very little hope of a permanent revival of trade.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Evelyn Herbert, only daughter of the Countess of Carnarvon and the late Earl of Carnarvon, is given as the frontispiece of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



IT would be very inadequate to describe the King's speech at the cemetery of the Allied Armies in Italy as a piece of moving and finished rhetoric. It was far more than that, or it would scarcely have been worthy of the scene of its delivery. The King was face to face with the resting place of those of our soldiers who fell in Italy. Beside those whose names are graven on the white stone of Schio sleeps the unknown soldier. The inscription above his plain cross, "A soldier of the Great War" and below, "Known unto God" might stir anyone to eloquence. Every sentence in the King's speech expresses an original thought and is suffused with the atmosphere of the surroundings. He recalled that "from Italy, old in unconquerable youth," the western world received the "first framing of their laws, life, and arts." He dwelt on the dolorous years during which the nations united against the German menace and, after inconceivable sacrifice, removed it from their path. He touched upon Italy stricken in the loss of her own children, yet generously giving us "for ever the ground which entombs our dead."

BUT the finest feature of the speech was the great eulogy on the soldiers who "took arms not from lust of conquest or satisfaction of hatred, but in the one desire to make safe the common and worthy things which they and their forefathers held most dear." Surely, it is true that "Neither their battle nor their victory was soiled by ungenerous deeds or triumphs." From these noble words of grace he passed to the "black aftermath of this war of wars," by which he meant "the warping and poisoning of men's minds, the peril to both life and reason." "I dare to hope," said the King, "as the world steadies anew in its orbit and realises what gulfs of horror it has overpassed, it will resolve that, by God's help, as far as lies in the power of men entrusted with power, war shall not henceforth be accepted as a burden recurrent and inevitable upon mankind." A noble ending to an oration that was worthy of the circumstances in which it was made.

LORD CURZON'S reply to the German offer is a piece of clear thinking and sound sense marked by an absence of "hot air." He first points out that the offer is a total sum which falls far below the moderate amount that formed the basis of the British scheme submitted to the Paris Conference of January last. The German Government must have known in advance that it would be altogether unacceptable to the Allied Governments. Then, again, the payment of this sum is made dependent upon a series of international loans, the success of which, to say the least of it, is extremely doubtful. The German Government is aware of the contingency of the loans not materialising. In a second clause Lord Curzon dwells on the failure of the German reply to indicate precisely the nature of the guarantees which they are prepared to offer. Instead of concrete and substantial proposals, they have placed before the Allies "vague assurances and references to future negotiations which in

a business transaction of this kind are lacking in practical value." In the circumstances it is not unreasonable to hold Germany responsible for the failure to settle, "which is gravely disturbing the political and economic condition of Europe and, indeed, the whole world." He finishes by hoping that Germany will recognise that a much more serious and much more precise contribution is required than any which has yet been forthcoming. There would not appear to be much room for misapprehension here, nor can the Germans complain of bullying or lack of courtesy.

AFTER having secured the admission of store cattle into this country, the Canadians have not been very long in raising the question of sending breeding cattle to us also. They can scarcely expect to win as much sympathy for this move as they did for the other. Their proposal, stated in simple terms, is that they should send cattle for breeding purposes to this country, which is renowned as the stud farm of the world, from their own country, which has none except that which has been derived from British stock. No one in Great Britain has anything to gain in the slightest degree from the importation of Canadian cattle for breeding purposes, and it is not to be wondered at that trustworthy agricultural authorities have no sympathy with the new demand. Of course, the matter is one for Parliament to decide, but we cannot imagine a decision that would not take into account the antipathy of British farmers to the admission of breeding stock that would be no addition to what we possess.

EPITAPH.

When the dark coverts are kindled to gold in September,
Grant me to wake in the chill of the yew, and remember
Wonderful youth, and delight of a whisper half-heard;
Glory of frost, and the lingering voice of a bird . . .
When the wild hyacinth starts, and the May moon is set
Softly where lovers go—grant me to sleep and forget!

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

THE new postal charges which have come into operation will undoubtedly be helpful to business men. They will, at any rate, facilitate the dissemination of trade catalogues, prospectuses, reports and other matter that might slightly exceed the old minimum weight; but they are unsatisfactory as regards the parcel post. The Postmaster-General has ignored the crying need that exists for a reduction of the post rates for parcels of food to three-pence for one pound, fourpence for two. That is a matter that equally affects those engaged in production and the consumers. Townspeople do not seem to realise what is happening in the country. Eggs are as cheap as they were before the war, and butter is selling as low as eighteenpence or even a shilling a pound, and even so, it cannot find a sale except to improve dairy butter. Abundant rain has filled the garden with the most delightful salad plants and other vegetables, but the consumer gets no advantage, because of the prohibitive parcel post rates. Here is a splendid chance for rebuilding the traffic between town and country which broke down in war time.

IT is difficult to understand why the Labour Party has not given more ardent support to this proposal for bringing down the charge for carrying parcels of foodstuffs to a point that would re-establish the direct supply of vegetables, dairy produce and other foodstuffs from the country to the town. It is a practical step which would confer a great advantage on their constituents. The Labour Members are in danger of exposing themselves to the reproach that they are always playing to the gallery—that is, indulging in showy promises of reform, but not attending to the real interests of those who have elected them. Here is a practical little question affecting the comfort and health of thousands of urban workers. What party can more appropriately champion the cause than the Labour Party? Unless they do so, they will lay themselves open to grave reproach on the next occasion when they have to appeal to their constituents.

WE are glad to notice signs of rebellion against the panel system, which has now been on trial for ten years and is found wanting. A West End coroner described the case exactly the other day when he said that the experiment of trying to provide fifteen million people with medical attendance on contract lines has proved a failure. The only person likely to offer a contradiction is the sort of doctor who was barely able to earn a livelihood before the panel system was introduced. As a rule, he was rather a failure, and the new system set him up again, as it ensured an income. On the other hand, the doctors whose services were in great demand took on the panel system, but the complaint is general that they did not give the same attention to panel patients as they did to those who were their own. That was only what might have been expected. The man who pays a comparatively high fee to his doctor has a right to expect more attention, and is certain to get more attention, than those who are ministered to under a contract for being treated *en bloc*. The system is a confessed failure, and it will be the duty of the present or of a future Ministry to work out a scheme of health insurance which will not be handicapped by difficulties of this kind.

THE sympathy of the country was perfectly in keeping with the sentiment of Members of Parliament when on Tuesday they presented Mr. T. P. O'Connor with a gold snuff box inscribed: "T. P. O'Connor, Father of the House of Commons, M.P. since 1880. A token of affection from his colleagues of all parties." To this was added the original of "Spy's" cartoon, which appeared originally in *Vanity Fair*. "T. P." or "Tay Pay," as he is called with affectionate familiarity by those who know him, has had a long career, during which, if he has done nothing else, he has added to the gaiety of the nation. He has been, in fact, a fine example of the merry heart going all the way, and the British public is always very appreciative of that kind of man. Everyone knows that it would be a dull world without the cheerful souls who can so often bring light as well as laughter to a disagreeable position by a happy quip or a laughable observation. Into every aspect of life Mr. O'Connor has brought this ability to shed a humane warmth over the grave as well as the gay. We all wish him a prolongation of life, so that for a long time to come he may still remain the most cheering presence in the House of Commons.

THE Ministry of Labour's enquiry into domestic service has disclosed a number of objections on the part of the young woman that one would not have expected to survive the war. Why, for instance, should a girl object to wear a uniform? Men workers, such as postmen, waiters, railwaymen and commissionaires, do not feel it at all an indignity to do so. Women rejoiced in uniforms when they were V.A.D.s or Land Girls. The reluctance of girls to sleep in is partly due to a desire for more freedom and partly to the great and general objection to "no fixed hours." One cannot help sympathising with their antagonism to the feeling that they never know when their work is finished. Considerate mistresses of to-day very often make a fixed rule as to when the services of a girl should finish and when they should begin. The chief result of the rebellion against domestic service is that householders are driven to make arrangements whereby hired help is reduced to a minimum, and this is all the easier because of the many labour-saving devices which have had a sweetening effect on household work.

AIR photography is not only of assistance to surveyors in revealing the surface of the land, but also to archaeologists in showing up what is below the surface. This method, we know, was resorted to for spotting submarines, but a paper read recently to the Royal Geographical Society showed the wonderful way in which it revealed whole agricultural systems as used by the Ancient Britons and then the Saxons. Mr. Crawford, the writer of the paper, laid stress on the "lynches"—that is, the banks produced at the lower end of a field by perpetual ploughing—and on the elaborate road system of these days—roads banked and ditched on either side, and, probably, hedged as well;

these evidences, though traceable from the height of 6 ft., are infinitely clearer from 200 ft. From these can be seen tracks converging to village sites, with, all around, the Celtic square fields which were in use 450 B.C. till 500 A.D. It was not until the Saxons came and settled in the valleys with their common field system that the British homesteads on the hilltops were deserted. But by air photographs we can see them through the decay of centuries.

AFTER a dour fight Smith beat Newman and won the Championship of English Billiards for the second time. He won in 1920, but has not competed since. Of the two, Newman is probably the greater artist, Smith the greater fighter, with the better match-playing temperament. Newman, though at times almost incredibly brilliant, has rather more ups and downs than his rival. He began this match with a bad day or two and so hung something of a millstone round his neck. True, he did momentarily catch his opponent by a great effort, but Smith drew away again in the end. Both are wonderful players and have shown a power of piling up big breaks day after day that no other player in the history of the game has approached.

VENETIAN ANGELS.

With flute and lute and pipe and mandoline,
Some blowing, and some bending o'er the strings,
One rapt in silence while another sings,
They play, beneath the throne of Heaven's Queen,
And martyred saints who tower and shine serene.
Cuddling their hollow instruments, their wings
Point upward, and their hair in golden rings
Clusters among the feathers blue and green.

But should we stoop and lean the longing ear
To catch their symphonies, no sound we hear:
Is heaven too far away, or earth too near?
Play on, bambini! Pipe, Venetian bird,
Though viol have no music, song no word.
As loftiest thought untold, is sweetest tune unheard.

ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLIPOTS.

MANY golfers would have liked, last week, to have been in two places at once—at Deal to see the Amateur Championship and at Burnham for the Ladies'. The end of it all was that Miss Wethered lost a championship and her brother won one. To say this is to do some injustice to Miss Doris Chambers, the new lady champion, a fine player who has never before played as well as she can on a big occasion; but Miss Wethered's fame is so monumental, her game normally so far above the stature of any of her competitors, that her defeat is apt to dwarf other people's victories. Mr. Roger Wethered, since he tied two years ago for the Open Championship, has been just a little disappointing and has had to play second fiddle to his sister. This time, however, he played as he has never done before. None of the heroes of the past, not even Mr. John Ball, has ever played better in a final round than Mr. Wethered did at Deal.

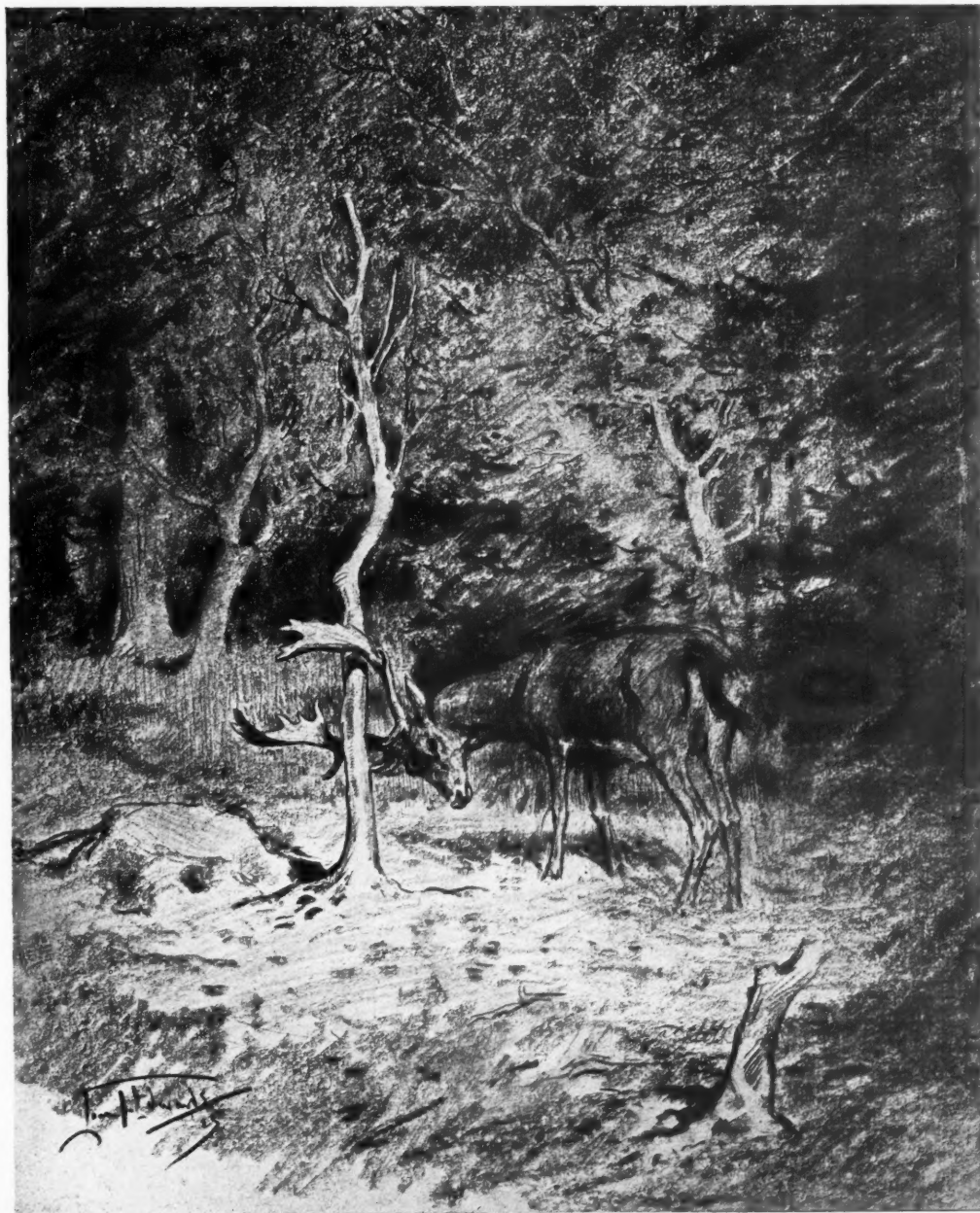
AN interesting experiment is to be carried out at Oxford during the coming summer. Its formal name is the Oxford Recitations, but the essence of it will be a competition in what is called "verse speaking." The arrangements are in the hands of Professor George Gordon (Professor of English Literature), Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. and Mrs. John Masefield. We do not quite like a phrase used in regard to it—"the beautiful speaking of verse." It appears to signify that intonation will, perhaps, be given too large a place. The real difficulty about good reading of verse lies in rendering the meaning—that is to say, before the best reading can follow, there must be a concentrated intellectual effort to understand not only the gist of what is being spoken, but the various shades of emotion, humour or any other grace which the author has been able to impart. The ideal reading is, no doubt, beautiful in a very strict application of that word, but it is the wrong adjective to put in the minds of young people. Let the meaning be grasped and given, and the beauty may be trusted to follow after. Only, it will not be combed and brushed and scented beauty, but often the beauty of disarray.

THE LOST HERD

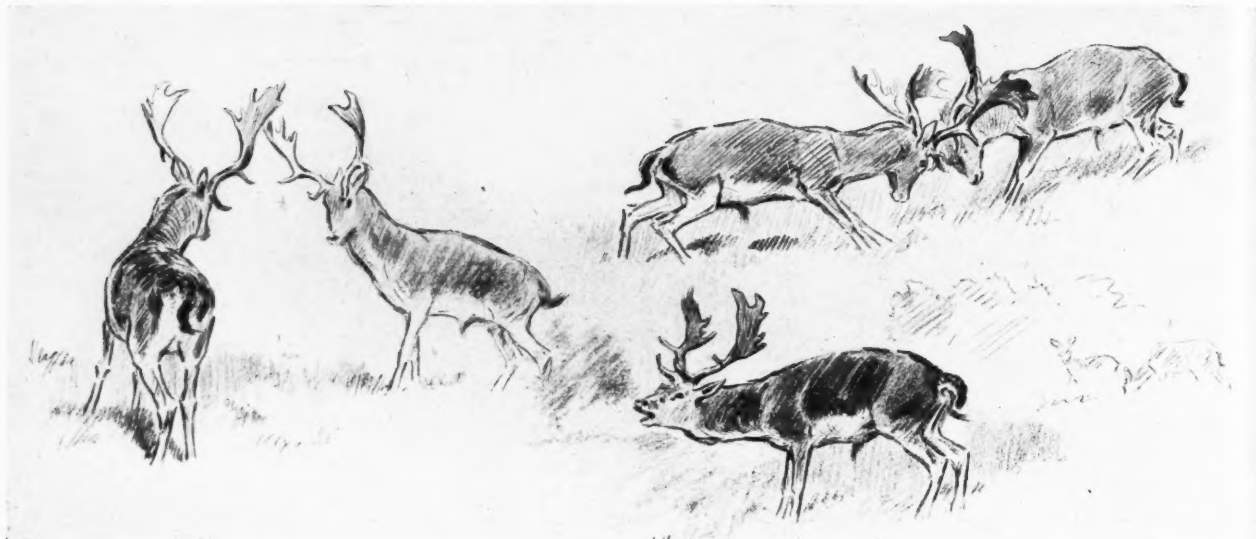
CHANGING England is always before us in print these days, and, indeed, the old order changeth with a vengeance. Yet the changing of England is no new cry. We are more acutely conscious of it just now because the war (as did past wars) speeded things up. The Civil War really made the greatest of all changes in this country of ours, and it was during and after those times that stag-hunting as premier sport of the realm fell into a rapid decay, giving place to fox-hunting. The understudy, as is often the case, proved better than the principal.

In the olden days, when deer and wolf and boar were the beasts of the chase and the fox mere vermin, the popular sporting counties (if one may use such a word when sport was strictly in the hands of the kings and nobles) were what are now Hants, Wilts and Dorset—not exactly popular hunting countries in these present days when compared with the Midlands! Yet William, "who loved the tall red deer," and Rufus and King John found their best sport in the South of England. The counties named are full of old haunts of the deer. Holt Forest, the Forest of Bere, Harewood Forest, St. Leonard's Forest, John o' Gaunt's Deer Forest, the New Forest, Savernake Forest and Cranbourne Chase are familiar names, but in very few of them are deer to be found in these times, and certainly "the most stateliest beast" is now practically extinct. In the whole of England (excluding Scotland and Ireland) there are only about three wild herds of red deer left. Of fallow deer, however, there are a few more, but as a beast of the chase the latter is a poor substitute. Yet, on account of his smaller size and greater cunning, he has survived in a good many places where the nobler animal has long been extinct.

It is curious, but none the less a fact, that there seems to be an entire absence of romance about fallow deer. The red deer has a halo, even in these prosaic days. The sportsmen, stalkers, gillies of the North, the hunting men and farmers, and indeed every villager in the West, take a pride, not only in the stag-hunting, but in the deer themselves. The red deer has always had countless admirers throughout the ages, but there seems to be no corresponding interest in the fallow deer. Even in a country inhabited by them you can obtain little information. No one knows or takes much interest. Even the gamekeepers who should know something about them are usually remarkably ignorant of their habits. More extraordinary still, take any popular work on natural history. The fallow deer (*Cervus dama*) is dismissed with a few cursory sentences, containing little information except, perhaps, as to its distribution. Various queries occur to anyone who does take an interest, but the answers are difficult to obtain. Fallow deer are coloured white, fawn, chestnut brown to nearly black, but the majority of them are dark brown in winter and have spotted chestnut coats in summer. Some, the black variety known as "the old forest breed," retain their ebony hue throughout the year. The fawns of this breed are black. In certain lights only do the spots show distinctly, but they are there nevertheless, for the young of all deer are born spotted. Again, one sometimes sees a spotted deer, usually not an adult, among a dark herd in winter. Another thing I have noticed with the local deer—the sexes congregate together more or less throughout the year, unlike red deer, where the stags live separate from the hinds except in the autumn. With fallow deer I have seen bucks with does almost throughout the year, except in the spring,



THE "FRAYING-STOCK."



QUARRELSOME BUCKS.

The challenge: The encounter (note their swollen throats): The duel.

when bucks shed their antlers and does bring forth their young.

One such wild herd I know well—as well, that is, as it is possible to know these cunning beasts. It is a survival of a herd dating from “the Conqueror,” of truly aristocratic Norman blood—the old dark-coloured forest deer of England. (Fallow deer are said not to be indigenous, but to have been imported by the Romans.) It is, nevertheless, a lost herd, having strayed (within the memory of the oldest inhabitant) from a district some twenty miles away, where some of the original herd still survive, though leading, I imagine, a somewhat harried life, not only as a result of the great influx of summer visitors, but on account of the jerrybuilder!

The disappearance of roads is very marked in some districts. For example, the county map shows a Roman road direct between the cathedral cities—in actual fact, the road is first lost at the river. The old ford is gone—anyway, it is no longer a ford. The bridge that took its place is a mile or more up-stream. Picking it up again on the other side, the road eventually peters out in ploughed fields, but can be found again after a detour of a mile or so, only to die away once more further on. Again, at a spot called London Cottages several tracks and a road converge on a main artery. Originally this was where passengers from outlying districts picked up the London mail coach. When the last coach was taken off, their use faded away, and now the

tracks have nearly disappeared, and the road is grown over and unused save by the deer, as its *raison d'être* no longer exists.

There is another change which may have not a little to do with the increase of deer in this particular district. Cheaper facilities of travel and greater variety of amusement in village life have undoubtedly reduced the number of those who poached for want of something better to do. Professional poachers being in these days a declining number, the enemies of the deer are therefore now chiefly small-holders of the market garden type and those farmers whose land adjoins coverts.

The countryside has changed greatly in the last few years, and it is not without interest to note that the substitution of motor for horse transport has tended to crowd the main arteries and depopulate the country lanes. Consequently, the district I am writing of lies more quiet than in pre-motor days. Many of the side roads are falling, or have already fallen, into disuse, as a short cut is not so important to the motorist as to the horseman. The country inhabited by this herd has been well described as one of large woodlands and small holdings. The inhabitants of the latter, I fancy, thin the herd not a little; but the absence at the war of the more active male population of the countryside was probably a great help to the herd. At all events, its numbers increased greatly during that period.

Clever animals are fallow deer. Wire fences, of which the southern parts of England are only too full, bother them not at



WHAT WAS THAT?

ab. I have seen them slip under the bottom strand, and even between the top and second strands—which sounds an impossible feat for an antlered buck! Of course, they make mistakes at times, like other people—usually over a new fence with the height and practicability of which they have had no previous acquaintance. I saw one fall over such a fence in front of foxhounds. Another, hustled by a collie dog, made a bad shot and chested a new fence, from which he bounced back like a ball. He made no mistake at the second effort, clearing it with feet to spare.

One might expect their familiarities with wire frequently to prove their undoing, for the wire snares in which the farmers and others endeavour to catch them are usually made with ordinary fencing wire (not barb, of course) set in their paths through the brushwood, or the "racks" by which they enter the fields. Yet, surprisingly few are caught in this way. Some people are always putting up snares, yet enquiries elicit the fact that three or four deer in a year

believe it. I have only myself seen two deer caught in two years by snaring, and it is noteworthy that both were bucks. I have



UNDER THE WIRE.



THE OLD DOE LEADS THE YOUNG DOE OVER.

is an exceptionally good bag. They say that as soon as a snare is put up in a runway deer cease using the latter, and I quite

been told by several that they have never caught a doe, or even heard of one being caught. The spreading antlers of the male make it impossible, I suppose, for him to slip out if once he puts his head through the noose.

Yet other things besides deer get caught in the snares, which, perhaps (so, at least, I hope), deters people from using them more. I know of one sportsman who got into one when fox-hunting and had the deuce of a fall! A farmer friend caught, and strangled, one of his own heifers; while in quite another district, where temporary permission was granted for the snaring of red deer, the practice was abandoned in haste because they caught and hanged so many ponies! Snaring, in fact, is not only cruel, but dangerous.

Lying up for deer with a gun is not, fortunately for the deer, often successful; their wonderful noses enable them to detect danger in time. When



CAUGHT BY HIS NECK.

CAUGHT BY THE HORNS ONLY.

pheasant shooting one often hears "Buck forward!" but the quarry rarely comes to the guns. The only time this year I saw one come within shot my host was struggling in the folds of a wet mackintosh and his gun was leaning against a tree!

I have only once put up my gun at a deer, and a "stop" stepped out immediately behind it, which gave me such a fright that I have never repeated the act! Deer have often come quite close to my stand when pheasant shooting, and it is remarkable how they appear and fade noiselessly away again in the brushwood. At a farmer's shoot on one occasion the host armed some of his guests with five or six rounds of buckshot as he wanted the deer reduced. The usual cry of "Buck forward!" caused everyone hurriedly to extract the number sixes and replace with buckshot. No deer arrived at the guns—but pheasants did, and quite forgetting what they had in their barrels, those who hit their birds at all simply blew them to atoms!

The habits of fallow deer do not seem quite the same as those of their red cousins. This herd, at any rate, is not so bold in the rutting season—probably the result of persistent poaching—but they fight during the "rut" as frequently and savagely as their proud relations. Red deer are usually found near water, but fallow deer seem less particular; indeed, I do not know where our local deer do drink. I never see their slots around the ponds, and there is scarcely a stream, certainly no river, in their particular district! They must drink somewhere, but evidently close proximity to water is not a *sine qua non*. One habit which the fallow share in common with the red deer is their use of a "fraying-stock." This is always a detached and solitary tree, even if situated in a wood, and the ground is often stamped hard around it by the constant traffic. A fraying stock, I should perhaps explain, is a tree against which deer rub off the velvet and polish their antlers. One particular tree was an elderberry tree standing amidst a circle of dark yews and hollies. Within 200yds. of a main road and 50yds. of a public footpath, it was nevertheless completely hidden, and only found by my seeing a number of deer tracks leading towards it when the ground was particularly wet and the slots clearly defined. This tree was worn smooth and white and shiny like ivory, standing out clear against the dark background, the upper part covered with bark and moss, the lower rubbed clean, and the whole, of course, dead. The ground around was trampled flat and clear of vegetation in a complete circle, from constant use, for the space of several feet. After a dry spell the ground is trampled hard and smooth as a cement floor.

The local movements of the deer under my observation are beyond my comprehension. Detached parties travel immense distances across open country to coverts miles away, but always north and west. Yet, there are good-sized coverts to the east; and, although there is a river, there is no main road of any consequence, nor a railway line, while the country is not more thickly populated. Yet east of this spot they never go. Why? North-west they cross a single railway and a big river to join an offshoot of the herd. South they must cross a main line railway (going under the railway arches, as I have proved) and travel over a range of hills and across (though greatly helped here by a chain of coverts) a thickly populated vale, in order to get back to their parent herd—sometimes visiting (in the autumn) a park herd *en route*.

I am inclined to believe their numbers are often increased by recruits from these tame herds, judging by the behaviour of one or two deer which I have come across. I often wonder if these particular semi-feral animals survive the chances of every man's hand against them long enough to become really wild. Occasionally, when the deer have been making themselves a nuisance, the farmers get up a sort of Continental hunt—hounds and horsemen and guns combined. The result is with the gods. Often the hounds go away with a deer and the horsemen get a good hunt, while the unfortunate guns stand and shiver and see nothing! But sometimes the plan comes off, and the herd gets properly thinned. Two were killed by hounds and one by the guns at the last "hunt" I saw. Personally I do not think that, as a beast of the chase, the fallow deer ranks very high—at least, the does are a poor substitute for hinds. On the other hand, I can remember more than one hunt with the New Forest Buckhounds after buck, when the latter gave a better hunt than many a fat August stag with the Devon and Somerset. Although venison is at its best in summer, the chase is not! The lost herd, however, is un hunted by any regular pack, and it seems a pity such good material should be left to the snare of the poacher.

The fallow deer is not so destructive to crops as his red cousin, which partially accounts for his more profuse survival. I often see them in roots and young wheat and seeds, but they do not leave such a devastating trail behind them as the red deer often do. Nor have I ever seen them come into a garden to dig up potatoes, or enter an orchard (for apples) at night, like red deer. I will not assert that they do not do this, but I have never heard of it. They are shy and furtive haunters of the woodlands, and, though one may live among them, it is seldom that one sees them.

ANISEED.

MR. WETHERED ARRIVES

IF I had been writing this article on last Friday night it would have been all about the Americans. Then we were all thrilling with patriotic relief over the removal of the American terror. Mr. Ouimet, whom we all like and fear so much, had just been beaten at the moment when we thought that he was going to take the Championship Cup as well as the St. George's Vase home in his portmanteau. Now, however, having seen the final, I want to write quite a different sort of article, most of it about Mr. Roger Wethered. That final felt at starting just a little flat because the international element was not in it. But the feeling of flatness was soon dissipated by the extraordinarily brilliant golf of the winner.

These Wethereds are wonderful people. If one may be permitted so much familiarity—"Joyce est morte, vive Roger." The brother and sister have their greatest triumphs in alternate years. Miss Wethered, after devastating the world for a year, had been most unexpectedly beaten at Burnham; so along comes her brother, who has been something in eclipse for a little while, and plays as he has never played before—no, not even when he tied for the Open Championship at St. Andrews. I thought I knew his game fairly well; but when I watched him beating Mr. Ouimet, it seemed to me that I was watching a new player. It was not merely that he had cultivated a new way of putting,

and that with amazing success, this new smoothness and rhythm and deadly steadiness on the green had infected his whole game. He never gave one the feeling he has sometimes done in the past that suddenly, without rhyme or reason, he would hit the ball a vast distance either to long off or long on, even to cover point

or square leg. He now inspired the utmost confidence, just as he seemed to feel it himself. Mr. Wethered had, I fancy, often before tried the experiment of hitting less ferociously hard, but somehow or other when he did it he failed to hit the ball at all. This time he had mastered the art of hitting within himself, very hard indeed, but not as hard as he possibly could. The result was the loss of a few insignificant yards of distance, perhaps, but a gain in the matter of accuracy and stability beyond all price.

The difference was well expressed by one of the American players who said that before the semi-final he had thought Mr. Wethered a good golfer; after the semi-final and final rounds he thought him one of the very best golfers he had ever seen. No professional in the world could have done more than hold the new champion as he played in the final and very, very few could have done as much. Taylor, who was looking on, said to me, as he afterwards said in print, that it was like Harry Vardon at his best—the other man simply never had a chance. "J. H." is, as we know, an enthusiast, but this splendid compliment of



THE NEW CHAMPION: IN THE ROUGH AT THE SIXTEENTH.



MR. HARRIS PUTTING AT THE SANDY PARLOUR.

his was no fantastic one. Mr. Wethered should emerge from this championship palpably and permanently a better golfer than he has ever been before. If those one or two tee shots that still go into the rough can be eliminated, there seems to be no limit to his possibilities.

It was very hard on Mr. Harris in this his second final after a ten years' interval to run into such a whirlwind of threes and fours. He played very well indeed, far better than people generally play in finals, and yet he had no chance whatever. Doubtless one or two little mistakes that he made did make a difference. In the morning round, for instance, Mr. Wethered, out in the almost incredibly good score of 35, had not succeeded in really getting away, for he was only two up. Mr. Harris played a great approach to the tenth and had quite a short putt to win it in three and missed. He had another chance, though not an easy one, at the eleventh, and did not take that either. Then Mr. Wethered did go away from him, and the lead of two, which can so soon melt, became the all too solid one of four, that never looked like melting. But with all respect to Mr. Harris—and his play filled me with admiration—I do not think anything that he could have done would have made a real difference. With Mr. Wethered in that invincible mood there was nothing to be done.

And now something about the other people, and the Americans in particular. They made a terribly bad start when Mr. Gardner and Mr. Sweetser went out on the first day. After that only Mr. Ouimet struck one as a really very serious menace, though I must say that, as a Briton, I was glad to see Dr. Willing depart. The course was rather long for him in the heavy wind, but still, with his fine putting and his overpowering capacity for taking pains, he was unquestionably dangerous. When he played Mr. Edward Blackwell he was alarmingly reminiscent of Mr. Travis,

and those of us who remembered that black day at Sandwich nineteen years before were never easy till he was beaten.

Mr. Ouimet was in a different category. We all knew he was a really great player. Until Mr. Wethered's golf in the final I should have said that he was a distinctly better golfer than anyone on our side. He did not begin well. Those who met him early had chances, for, though he never looked as if he could by any possibility miss a shot, yet in fact he did miss some. Those chances were not taken, however, and it became clear that, as another member of the team said to me, "Francis was about due to shoot the fireworks." And sure enough he did shoot them. His golf against Mr. Tolley was magnificent, his putting uncanny. One may often see Mr. Tolley make mistakes, but one seldom sees him outclassed. He was outclassed by Mr. Ouimet—just a little bit in every department of the game and entirely upon the putting green, where he was in an unhappy

mood and could not light on a comfortable attitude. It was a most discouraging spectacle, and most people went out to watch the semi-final without very much hope.

Mr. Ouimet probably could not have holed so many putts against Mr. Wethered as he had against Mr. Tolley. It is not humanly possible to go on holing them. But he could, I think, have played all the rest of the game just about as well. He did not do so, because Mr. Wethered would not allow him to. There never was a better illustration of the fact that we cannot play better than the other fellow lets us. Mr. Ouimet had been top dog in the morning. He found the position exactly reversed in the afternoon, and though he fought most gallantly, his play reflected this change of position. As in Mr. Harris's case, he played well enough to win the vast majority of semi-finals, but not, thanks to our new champion, well enough to win this one.

BERNARD DARWIN.



MR. OUIMET PLAYS A PITCH.

BRITTANY CAPS & THEIR ORIGIN.—II

THE "hennin," so popular in the fourteenth century, lasted for some fifty years, but when Anne of Brittany married Louis XI a flat head-dress was designed specially for her, and the high, witch-like, pointed arrangement was only seen on the peasantry. When the villages one after the other provided the hair required in the fashionable centres, they copied the head-dress worn by the lady of the manor in their district, and although in the course of years other ladies inhabited the castle, the peasants never changed the style that had been adopted by their mothers and grandmothers. To obtain the peasants' hair was not, however, as easy as may be supposed. It did not suffice for a traveller to offer tempting trinkets to the young girls in the little-frequented villages of Northern France, they often refused to part with their long plaits in exchange even for money. But by one way or another the great ladies were supplied. It was not uncommon in those days to see a switch of hair hanging in a village church exacted from a penitent. The old priest knew what was required of him. Needs must . . . is an old saying as true then as now.

Caps, however, had their origin in some districts from the surrounding influences in architecture, in the customs and occupations of the people, in the monuments. The peasants rarely left the home of their birth, and fashioned in imitation of the most familiar objects these coverings that were deemed not only useful as protections from the sun and wind, but essential, as a skirt, to hide what should be hidden. There is something in this custom that recalls the Hebrew women of old who never showed their own hair after marriage, but wore wigs; the Brittany peasants hid theirs under linen and lace, also for motives of modesty.

In Lower Brittany, at Quimper, Sainte-Anne de Palud and in Cornouille, the peasant fashions, in lace and muslin, are dainty adjustments that have been inspired by the belfries that are so sculptured as to resemble the open meshes of some heavily worked design in lace. These caps are laid over a foundation of pale blue to give an impression of the sky seen through the carvings. In "La Bourdelaine" from Cornouaille this is particularly noticeable, charming and poetical, like these children so near to Nature.

Where the architecture is Gothic the caps take the same character. This can be noticed in Dol, in Pont-Labbé, at St. Jean du Doigt, all districts where the peasant has been as much influenced by the exteriors of the churches as by the

priests in the interiors. How often is the cap at St. Jean du Doigt compared to an old gargoyle! It jumps to the eyes, as the French say.

That many a *coiffe* or head covering takes its characteristic shape from its surroundings may at a first glance appear questionable, but on reflection it will be seen that there are good grounds for this assertion. Let us look at the countries where a special kind of head-dress is worn to discover that the shape is decidedly

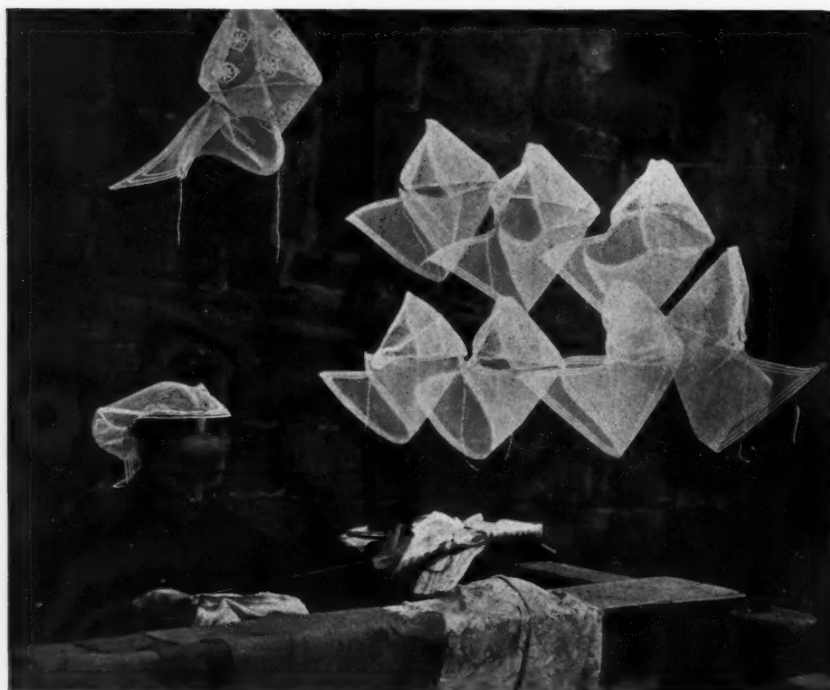


THE COQUETTISH PEASANT OF PONT AVEN.

influenced by the general aspect of the buildings and scenery. In Italy the *coiffes* are flat like the terraces that form such attractive landmarks. In Holland they take the shape of the windmills. In Wales they are shaped like the mountains. In England the high black hats recall the chimney pots, and we could continue throughout the land. Everywhere there is the influence of surroundings.

A striking instance is in the *coiffes* at Cancale, where the celebrated Brittany oyster beds abound. The Cancalese also sought her inspiration in the belfries and churches and in the outline of the adjacent rocks; but here, like in most regions, there are several styles. The *coiffe* worn on festive occasions is fashioned after the succulent oyster—that, by the way, I am told the majority of the residents have never eaten. The Cancalese (the Cancale peasant) centuries ago is said to have found an oyster, tasted of the peculiar mollusc, and spat it out with a word that has gone down to tradition as "slimy." But she did not disdain the iridescent shell. Placing the larger portion on her head she copied it in lace—hence the shape of the Cancalese cap; the smaller half she passed to her neighbours at St. Mellior. It is amusing to see how the language of caps is learnt and understood by those whom it concerns. In one of the hamlets of Cancale the way the peasant girls place their *coiffes* on their head shows the youth of the district that the maiden means to marry and that none need approach without a wedding ring in perspective—unless, in old-fashioned language, "his intentions are honourable." This cap is called "Kiss if you can." But there are others worn more jauntily with less reserve, and these are known to the villagers as "Kiss if you like."

Touring through Brittany in search of the picturesque we find in old-world corners the simple peasant folk, year in, year out, occupied in the manner of their ancestors—in the fields in some districts, on the rocks in others. The women work from early morn till dusk, prepare the soup for the day, and what remains from the evening meal has only to be heated on the embers of the logs for the men's breakfasts on the following morn. These primitive people do not indulge in china or earthenware; in



W. G. Meredith.

THE CAP-MAKER.

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A BOWL SHAPE AT
LE JUCH.



THE CAP AT CANCALE, COPIED FROM
THE OYSTER SHELL.



AN OLD PEASANT
(OUESSANT).

fact, to many it is unknown. Wood is cut into cups and bowls, and wood is the precious material that every handy man a hundred years ago cut and carved into cup-boards and benches, tables and bedsteads that strangers prize so highly to-day. It was a custom for the lover to make the furniture for his future wife, and in many an old farmhouse where—before the war—it was possible to pick up a bargain, the old man would tell me how his father or grandfather had made the cupboard I was buying. In many an old Brittany kitchen, that is living and sleeping room combined, with its furniture fitted into the wall, shining with "arm" polish, as they say, the table is merely a long, narrow slip of oak with sturdy legs and excavations cut at sufficient distance one from another to mark the place of each member of the family and "helps." These excavations are in the shape of a bowl, and therein the soup is poured and the potatoes that form the customary meal. Pig is the peasants' meat—eaten, however, on rare occasions. It is to the bowl that the caps owe their origin in the more deserted parts of the Brittany coast, where the women watch for the return of their sailor men or congregate to await news of the wreck.

A sad life a Breton woman's life, with her mate away and nothing but the howling of the wind for nights and days to suggest to her that the same wind may bring him home. At Ouessant—a desolate island that is rarely visited on account of its dangerous approaches, its boulders hidden at high tide, as along the coast

from St. Briac to St. Malo (one of the most difficult to navigate for the inexperienced pilot)—the cap or *coiffe* is tight upon the head and tied beneath the chin. "For the wind, the wind blows high and low," and the peasant protects herself with her shawl drawn tightly around her, and her tight cap without ornament beyond the embroidered linen looped at the ear on fête days. These peasants are called "Birds of ill omen" by the neighbours at Brest, as they are only seen outside their island when a strong wind blows from the south-west—a gale alone can carry them to civilisation. "Swallows of the sea" is their poetical name, but their appearance always denotes rain, and they are not welcomed on the adjacent land. But they are bred in their desolate surroundings and are not tempted to change them, as the Ouessantine loses caste if she marry away from the island. In this desolate land, without trees, cut off by dangerous currents, the peasant is not coquettish in the fashioning of her cap, and only shows the feminine love of adornment—that lurks in every woman, peasant or princess—by her love of shawls. Three and four shawls cover her as she prepares to quit the island. They are arranged in points each showing beneath the other that all shall see. And some are quaintly flowered, some with fringes, some plain and homely, but these are the most useful, as they are warm. Strange women the Ouessantines; shy and loth to speak even among themselves, they please the male inhabitants of Ouessant—perhaps for



"CATHARINE DE' MEDICI LEFT HER MARK ON
BRITTANY FASHIONS" AT QUIMPER.



W. G. Meredith.
AT AURAY; LINED WITH BLUE LIKE
THE SKY.



TOO OLD TO CARE AT
QUIMPER.



THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE CHURCH INSPIRES
THE PEASANTS OF HENNEBONT.

Copyright.

that very reason—and always find husbands. They are a proud and peculiar race of men and women, believing in and practising marriage among those born and bred in the locality.

The *coiffe* worn at Lansquex has a curious history. In the thirteenth century this particular part of Brittany attracted a colony of Normands, wild and unscrupulous men. They had heard that at a small place in the vicinity called Ifigniac a handful of peaceful Bretons lived on the profits of their labour of extracting salt from the sea. These Bretons were called "Saulniers" (salt-makers). The modern word is written without the letter l. These wild Normands resolved to steal their neighbours' salt, and men and women united in the attempt. The women, in order to avoid recognition, covered their heads with their wash tubs, making holes therein for their eyes. And it is in remembrance of this struggle between Normands and Bretons that the women in the region of St. Brieux wear large caps that have the character of wash tubs.

Catharine de' Medici left her mark on the Brittany fashions in the collarettes and *fraises* that we find to-day at Fouesnant,

at Quimper, Quimperlé and Pleyben. At Fouesnant the collarette is wide and pleated, at Quimper and Quimperlé the *fraise* is organ-piped, and at Pleyben it is wide without pleats—all reminiscent of the Italian Renaissance. In every parish there was, and is still, a special exclusive custom and manner that kept each distinct and aloof. For example, at Fouesnant it would never have entered the brain of a woman of this district to have copied the dress or cap of a native of Quimper. Fouesnant's caps and collarettes are difficult things to make and iron, and it is with many a sigh that a native who has left her district has been forced to wear her neighbour's head-dress because she has found nobody capable of ironing either her *coiffe* or collarette. Have you ever wondered how these innumerable tiny pleats are made and kept in place? The method of the Fouesnantaise is ingenious. The linen collarette that has been washed is placed on a board covered with some coarse woollen material like a blanket and the linen is wound round and round a thin piece of cane and ironed with a hot flat iron, the cane is removed, and numbers of tiny pleats are seen that would be impossible to obtain with any other method.

FRANCES KEYZER.

THE BARBERRIES.—II

BY W. J. BEAN.

HERE is no doubt in my mind that the best of all evergreen barberries is *Berberis stenophylla*. And I would give it even higher praise than that. Sometimes I have been asked, if I were to be restricted to the cultivation of one shrub only, which one I would choose. My selection would be this barberry. It combines hardiness, gracefulness of habit and wonderful flower beauty; being of dense impenetrable growth it makes an admirable screen or shelter bush in winter; it thrives in any reasonably good soil, and it is easily propagated. It is a chance hybrid that appeared in the Handsworth Nursery, near Sheffield, some sixty years ago, its parents being *B. Darwinii* and *B. empetrifolia*, and it unites in itself, as few hybrids do in like measure, the good qualities of both. Growing 8ft. to 10ft. or even more in height, it pushes out every year slender, arching shoots which the following April and May are wreathed from end to end with rich yellow blossom. This barberry should be planted in groups 10ft. to 20ft. wide, or even wider if space can be spared. Putting out small plants, say, 3ft. apart, and keeping the spaces between them hoed and free from weeds for a few years, they close up and form a dense tangle, covering the ground and needing no further care. It is an admirable shrub for planting in the outer and less strictly kept reaches of the garden or on the outskirts of woodland. It also makes a very handsome hedge if it can be allowed a width of 2ft. to 3ft., clipping it as soon as the flowers are over.

Berberis Darwinii, discovered in Chile in 1835 by the great naturalist after whom it is named, has, ever since its introduction fourteen years later by Veitch's collector, Lobb, been regarded as one of the *élite* of garden shrubs. It lacks the grace of *B. stenophylla*, but its black-green shining leaves and wealth of flower—most richly yellow perhaps of all barberries—make it a very desirable shrub. It will grow 12ft. high. I have never seen it affected by cold in the London district, but it is not adapted for bleak, exposed situations, especially farther north. Large crops of plum-coloured fruits often make it handsome in autumn.

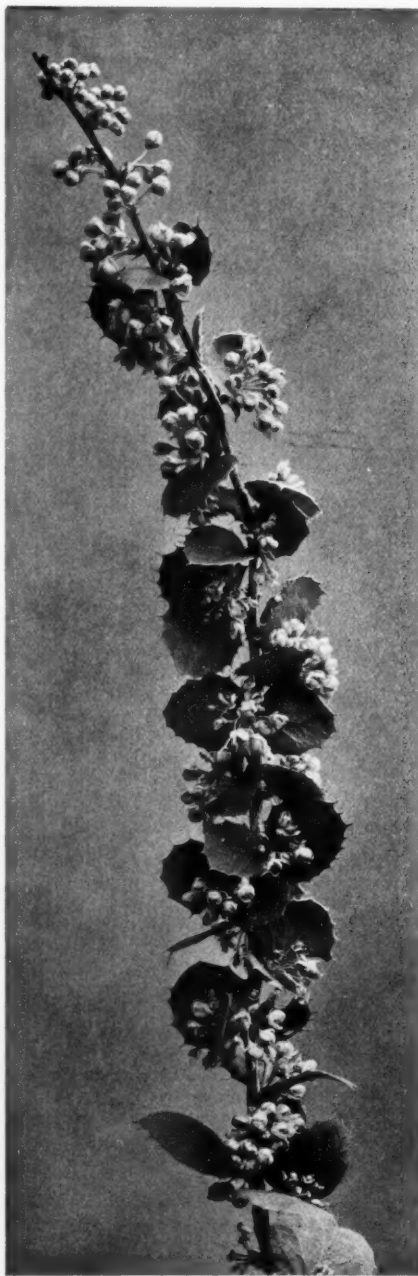
B. empetrifolia is a low, spreading shrub, also Chilean, up to 2ft. high; with thin, wiry branches, red when young, and small, narrow, dull green leaves. The deep yellow flowers are not very freely produced and the species is not one of the best of its kind.

A third evergreen barberry from Chile is *B. hakeoides*, very distinct and remarkable. It grows 8ft. to 12ft. high, branches but little, and makes long, slender shoots on which the roundish leaves are rather densely arranged. At the base these leaves may be 2ins. to 2½ins. wide and have stalks 1in. to 1½ins. long, but they gradually become smaller and shorter-stalked further up the shoot until, at the top, they are only ½in. wide and have no stalks at all. The golden yellow flowers are very freely borne in clusters at each joint of the shoots in April and May. Although of ungainly habit, this barberry is worth growing, especially by those attracted by curious plants. Visitors to Bitton Vicarage will remember a fine example of which Canon Ellacombe was very proud.

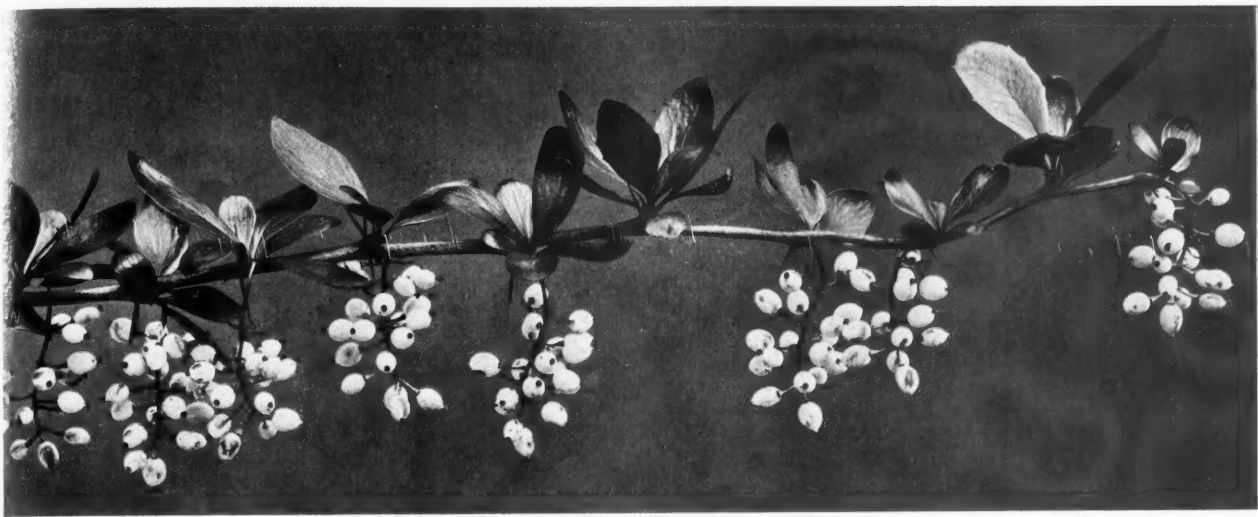
From the Himalaya comes *Berberis Hookeri*, a shrub forming a dense thicket of erect stems 3ft. to 6ft. high with dark spiny-toothed leaves up to 3ins. long, glossy green above, glaucous white beneath, and large, solitary, pale yellow flowers. It is often noticeable in autumn on account of large crops of black-purple, cylindrical fruits ½in. long. The finest form of this variable species is var. *latifolia*, sold by nurserymen as *B. Knightii*. It is twice the height of the type, of freer growth, the leaves larger and green beneath. It suffers in very hard winters, and is therefore better in the south and west. Otherwise very well worth cultivation.

There is no evergreen barberry native of Europe, and the remainder of the section deserving notice here are Chinese. *Berberis candidula* is a very neat bush, perhaps ultimately 3ft. or 4ft. high and more in width, but a good many years getting to that size. It has oblong, spiny leaves up to 1½ins. long, very dark glossy green above, blue-white beneath. The flowers are solitary, large for a barberry and bright yellow, the oval fruits purple. But the great distinction of the plant is its dense, branching and hemispherical shape. Of somewhat similar character, and of neat, rounded habit also is *B. verruculosa*, one of Wilson's introductions. It, too, has its flowers solitary or a few together, golden yellow, ¾in. wide, the leaves being broader than those of *candidula*, but of the same lustrous dark green above and blue-white beneath. A very pleasing bush 4ft. or 5ft. high. The specific name refers to the innumerable tiny warts on the young shoots.

The most vigorous of the Chinese evergreen barberries is *B. pruinosa*, a



BERBERIS HAKEOIDES WITH ITS ORBICULAR LEAVES.



BERBERIS ARISTATA WITH ITS PENDULOUS FRUITS.

shrub 10 ft. or more high, resembling in leaf and habit the Himalayan *B. aristata* (which is, however, not truly evergreen). The flowers are citron yellow and borne in clusters followed by usually good crops of plum-coloured fruits. *B. Gagnepainii*, related to the *B. Hookeri* from North India already mentioned, is one of the best of Wilson's evergreen species, flowering more freely than most of them do. The blossoms come in clusters of six to twelve from each tuft of dull green leaves, and are succeeded by an abundance of blue-black, oval fruits. The shrub itself is made up of clustered erect stems, and according to Wilson's description should be, ultimately, 6 ft. high. Of the same group is *B. triacanthophora*, an elegant and attractive kind with spines up to 1½ ins. long, slender as needles. The long, narrow leaves are set with bristle-like teeth and the flowers, golden yellow in the main, are made distinct by their thin red stalks and red sepals. This is the plant commonly grown as *B. sanguinea*.

B. Sargentiana is a strong grower up to 6 ft. in height, handsome in growth, but, as far as I have seen, not very free flowering. It has, however, one quality rather uncommon in evergreens as a whole: its leaves before falling often take on a fine red colour. The Hon. Vicary Gibbs showed a plant at the Horticultural Hall some years ago which was very handsome in this respect. Others of this group are *B. atrocarpa*, very spiny and vigorous, and *B. Veitchii*—usually grown as *B. acuminata*, the name under which it was distributed from the Coombe Wood Nursery.

BEAUTIFYING A WATER-MEADOW

[A correspondent has written to ask if it is possible to beautify water meadows by the introduction of plants which will increase of their own volition and without attention. In the correspondent's case the water meadows are liable to mild flooding, but the drainage is good and the ground does not become sodden. As this is a subject which may interest a number of readers of COUNTRY LIFE, we append the following notes.—ED.]

The number of readily established plants which would flourish on such a site as the one described is not great. No family of plants can excel, for waterside effect, the irises. Of these one of the most beautiful and quite the most useful species is the Siberian iris, *I. sibirica*, and this would almost certainly succeed. It might even be raised from seeds sown *in situ*, but, if seed-sowing is resorted to, it would be better to raise the seedlings in good soil in a border and transplant them as one year plants

into their permanent quarters. There are several named varieties of *I. sibirica* including a rather flimsy and dingy white sort. The best and most distinct of these forms is Perry's Blue, which has flowers which approach as closely to a clear pure blue as can at present be seen in an iris. The typical *sibirica* varies a little in hue, but is of a deep bluish-purple shade. *Iris orientalis* is a closely related species with larger flowers, not so freely produced and less effectively displayed. It should succeed on the site in question, but is a rather less accommodating plant than *I. sibirica*. The variety Snow Queen, with handsome milk-white blossoms should certainly be tried.

Such grand yellow flag irises as *I. ochroleuca*, Monnierii, aurea and—most free-flowering of this group—ochraurea, a hybrid between *ochroleuca* and aurea, might be given a trial. They do not object to some winter flooding.

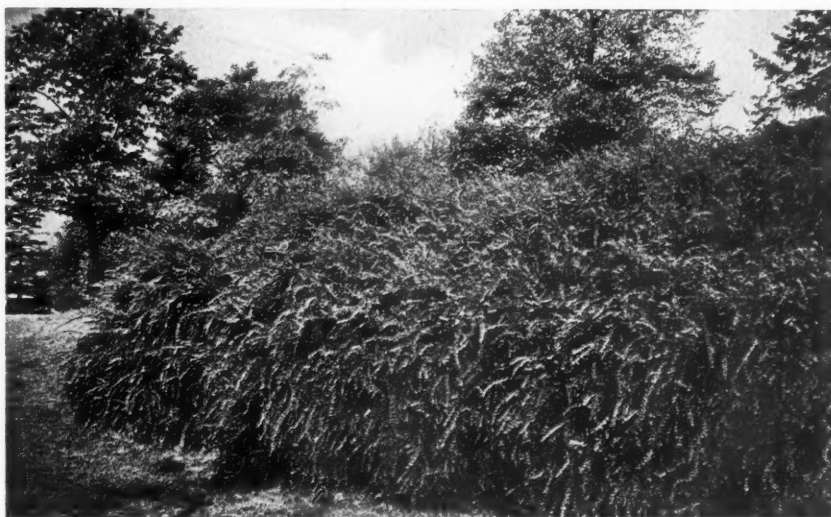
Few waterside plants are more accommodating than the purple loosestrife, *Lythrum Salicaria*, which, although it usually grows wild along stream sides subject to winter flooding, withstood in many places the phenomenal drought of last year in the open ground, quite away from water. The rosy-carmine form called var. *rosea* which has been selected for cultivation is preferable to the bright magenta form which is more typical of the wilding. It could probably be established from seed. Another tall rose-flowered plant which is something of an amphibian is the narrow-leaved willow herb, *Epilobium angustifolium*, of which there is also a pure white variety. Both are handsome when in flower and again when the seed pods burst to disclose the downy appendages which float the seeds afar. Because of its rapid and tireless extension underground and the difficulty of eradicating it when it becomes a nuisance, this plant is not suited to the garden, but it would certainly afford beauty in the situation mentioned. Should the garden proper be quite close, it would be safer to omit it, however, as the seeds travel some distance.

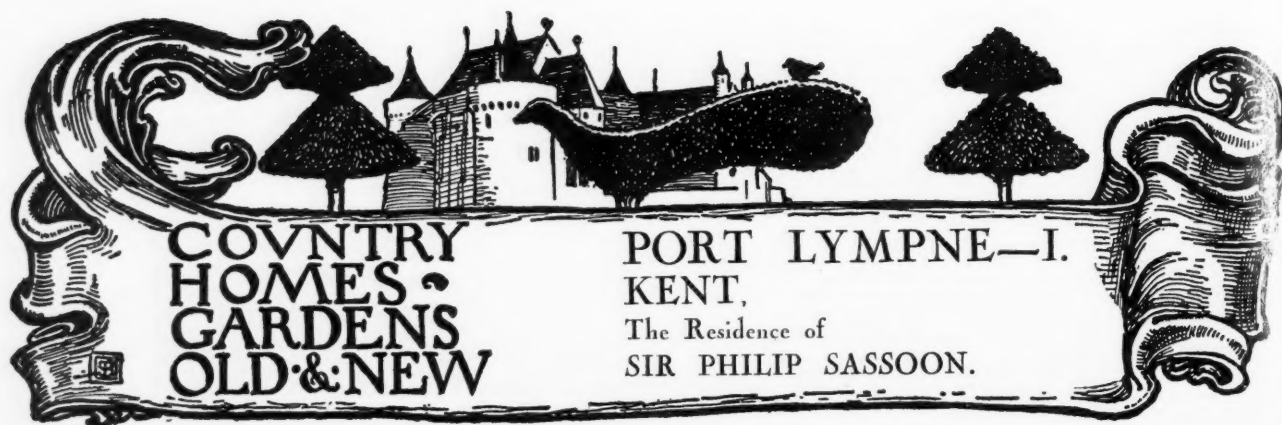
Much depends upon the amount of moisture retained under these riverside flats in summer. If moisture is abundant at a lower level some of the shrubby spiræas might be employed. These would provide a certain amount of shade and shelter for lesser things. Suitable sorts would include *SS. ariæfolia*, Lindleyana, prunifolia, Van Houttei, cantoniensis, arguta and Aitchisoni.

Should the soil dry right through in summer, various willows could be planted to serve the same purpose, while being effective in themselves. Indeed a few of these might be utilised in any case. Especially recommendable are the species *acutifolia*, *daphnoides* and *vitellina* and the red-barked variety of the last-named, *brizensis*. If species of larger growth would be welcome, there are white, silver and Babylonian willows, all beautiful trees, and a number of others.

On the river bank with their feet in water the marsh marigolds should succeed, but it is doubtful if they would grow on the flat itself, though in partial shade they might. The finest species is the giant *Caltha polypetala*, but the indigenous *C. palustris* is a cheerful and effective plant.

Primula pulverulenta, one of the handsomest of the candelabra primulas will withstand, even appreciate, winter flooding and in the shade of willow or spiræa would almost certainly succeed unless the water prove too limy for it. It is readily raised from seed and would be well worth a trial.

BERBERIS STENOPHYLLA.
In its best form as an imposing clump.



LYMPNE is haunted by its former greatness. It is to-day less a village than a site. A city deserted by man and nature. Where once was a thriving town, first for the news from Rome, there stands not even a hovel, but shapeless ruins, bramble-grown, and deforming the fields. Yet, when the air trembles in the heat of a summer afternoon, stand on the cliffs above and you seem to hear the Tournay regiment falling in for the last time, the bugles, the curt commands, the low thunder of arms rattled in concerted movement. Their tread fades along the coastwise road to New Romney—itself long faded into the lush marshes—the cheers of the townsfolk, the weeping of the women for the good troops

who cried they would soon return, but never came; the very estuary where, golden in the western sloping sun, the sails of the transports gleamed eight miles to the southward; all are vanished.

The whole line of these cliffs, grass-grown and occasionally wooded, which stretches away to the westward, and round above Hythe on the east to the sea at Folkestone, have something of the elemental hanging over them. A man coming from the northward along the Way from Canterbury—the Stone Street stretching straight as an arrow—over that high, open country, wind-swept and chequered in large arable fields, perceives here the plateau to collapse most surprisingly before his feet.

And he gazes over the fat green marshes to where Lydd Tower and Dungeness lighthouse are tiny nicks upon the skyline; lonely farmsteads, a village huddled about a low church, the glint here and there of the sky reflected in a dyke, the long curve of the sea wall by Dymchurch along to Littlestone, where the Limene river used to flow between the Great Stone opposite. He sees them, and over to the right that other sweep of the woodland fringe marking where marsh merged into forest. A sunny spot to-day, but when the chronicler in the eleventh century wrote, the edge of a horrid, evil darkness. He—Richard of Cirencester—is telling of a raid of the Danes in 893, with 250 long boats, which had sacked Boulogne the night before. They sailed to the mouth of the Limene river "at the end of that vast wood that we call Andred. This wood," he wrote, "is in length, east to west, one hundred and twenty miles or longer, and thirty miles broad. On this river they towed up their ships as far as the wood and destroyed a fort within the fen whereon sat a few churls and which was hastily wrought." But the wood mocked them, as it did others for many long years, for it was the Weald.

Four hundred years and more earlier other pirates had come, when the Count of the Saxon shore had lost his legions; the Tournay regiment at Lympne, the second legion under Augusta at Richborough, the first cohort of Venturians at Reculver, the exploratores at Portchester, the regiments at Pevensey and Burgh, the Dalmatian horse at Brancaster in Norfolk, all thrown into the breach where the Empire was fighting for its life. At first



1.—GREEN BRONZE ENTRANCE DOORS AND A ROMAN TROPHY.



Copyright.

2.—A LEVEL SWEEP OF FORECOURT.

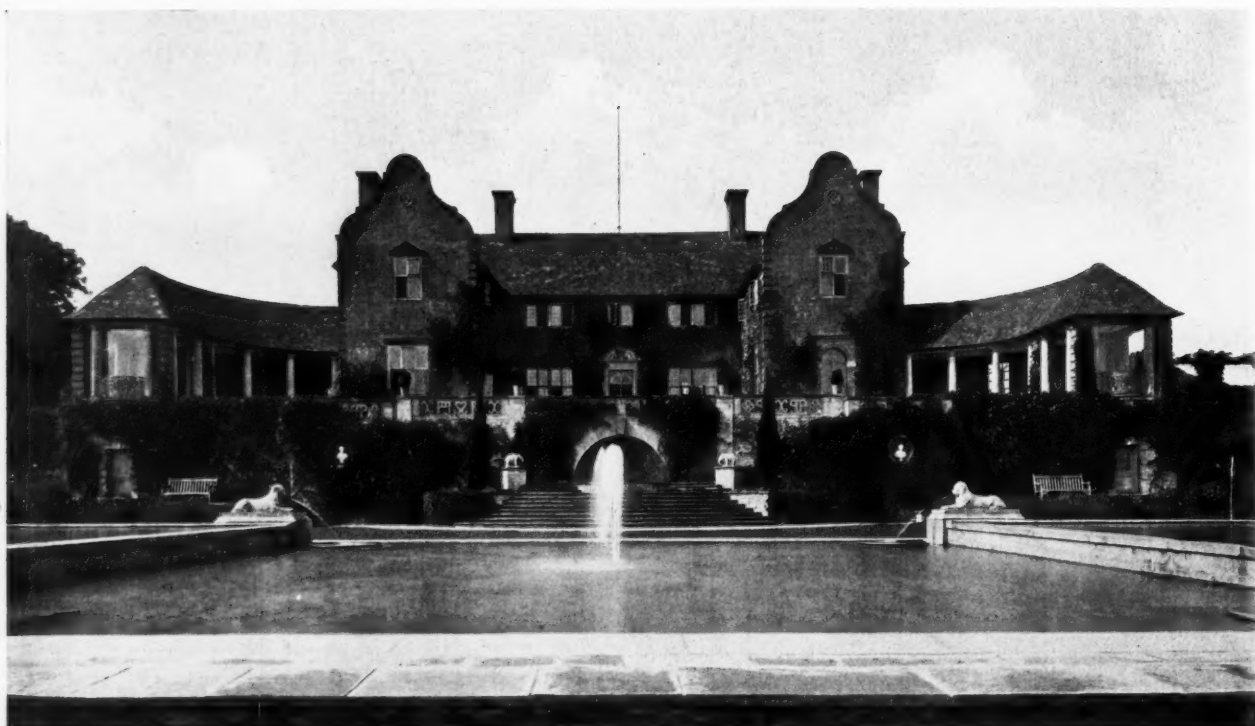
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

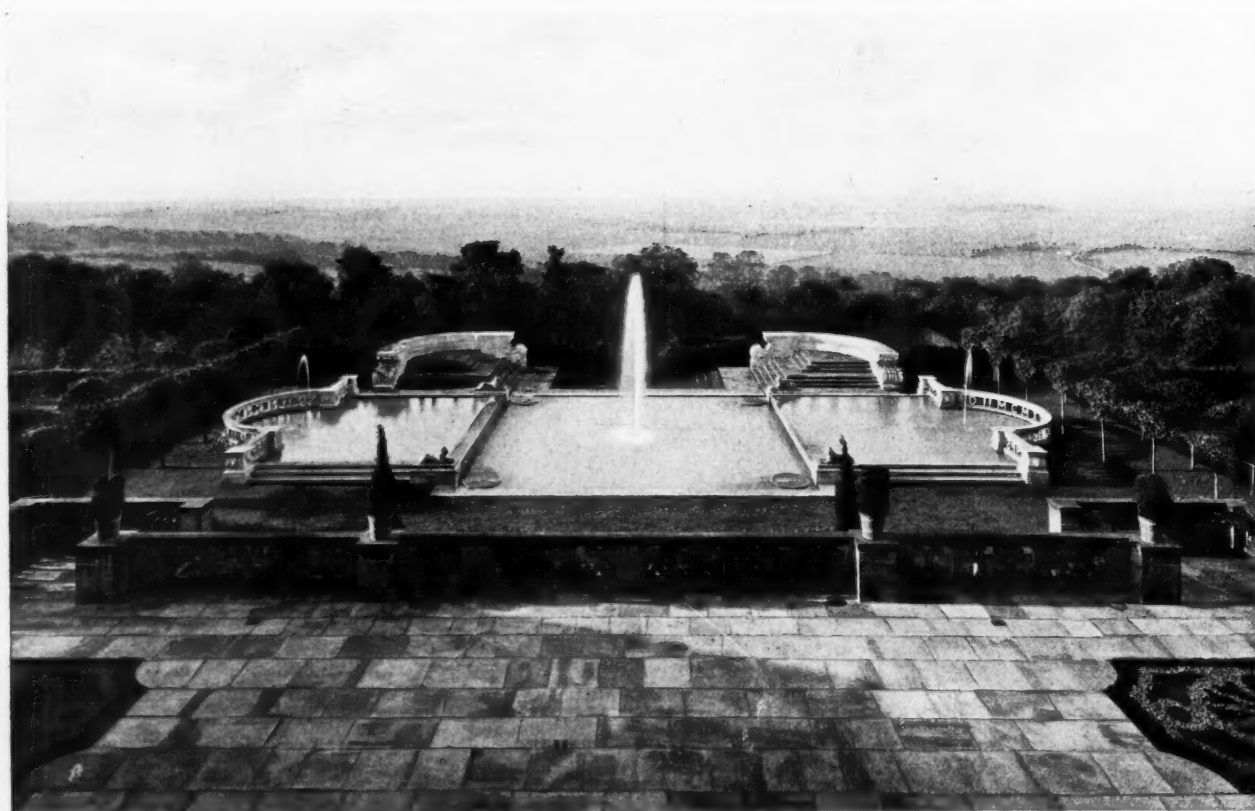
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—TERRACES FROM BELOW THE BATHING POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—LOOKING AWAY OVER ROMNEY MARSH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the men of Lympne had resisted. It is probable that their souls were already distraught by disaster, for the walls of the city were cast down at this time by a landslip. The Saxons held the river mouth, and either they or the men of Lympne threw up Ongarswyk Fort beside the shipway to Romney. But the Saxons overcame them and fortified the ruins, calling it Stout Wall Castle—which the rustics call Stutfall to this day. But the Saxons were farmers and soon left Stutfall, and none has lived there since. Thus ended Lemanis, a stage upon the road to Rome, noted by Ptolemy, and an imperial garrison town. Like Richborough and Caerleon, it is abandoned to sheep and ghosts and to the reveries of an idle fellow.

Perhaps, if a Minoan trader in search of tin had crossed to Kent, he might have found the Limene skirting the base of these

cliffs. But none later. Not the Phœnicians, and certainly not the Romans. Geologists have found reasons for denying it. Romney Marsh is much as it was in Roman times. Save that the Rother, called the Limene, flowed through Appledore along the line of the road to New Romney. This last town it was that was called Porta Lemanis, to distinguish it from the town of Lemanis below the cliffs, now Lympne. Connecting the two, the road I have called the Shipway ran, tolerably straight, joining Stone Street and a track along the top of the cliffs at Shipway Cross, which gives the name to the Hundred, and where, till Edward I's time, the ceremony of enrolling the Warden of the Cinque Ports was held. That, too, has completely disappeared, and it is difficult to account for its old importance, save only that it was a neutral spot, and midway, more or less, between the north-eastern ports and the western ones; moreover, easy of

access from the north by Stone Street and from east and west by the prehistoric cliff way. Then, too, it commands the lordliest view among all the Cinque Ports and was hallowed by the shade of Rome. Whatever may have been the ceremony of inauguration for a Warden, here, with his back to Dover and the Downs, with the south-wester damping his cheeks, and sea and marsh lying low beneath his feet, his eye straining on Rye church, beyond which he knew lay Pevensey and Hastings, at Shipway Cross the Warden could stretch out his hands over his realm and swear by Our Lady and by the meeting of sky with earth and sea to guard his folk.

The end of the story is yet to tell. We have spoken of how the Limene river left Porta Lemanis, New Romney. It was in the thirteenth century. The Rother and the Brede, rolling fat with the silt of Sussex, had made Romney Marsh. At that time they choked their last channel and suddenly ceased to flow, as suddenly making a short cut between Northiam and the Isle of Oxney to Rye, where they have long ago filled up the great haven and are still rolling fat with the silt of Sussex. Where their waters will flow next—who can tell?

Such was the place to which Sir Philip Sassoon came a dozen years ago, and, with Mr. Baker, built a house where the Roman city slept looking over the marshes. It was at a somewhat later stage that Mr. Philip Tilden was summoned into a partnership with Sir Philip Sassoon which has produced the most remarkable modern house in England. Sir Philip is a man of extraordinary taste and energy, who has the rare gift of being able to formulate his ideas in his mind as to what he wants. It was Mr. Tilden's part to translate Sir Philip's ideas into stone. The vanished river, the vanished road, the buried cities, the engulfing marsh, the dead civilisations, the voice proceeding out of this dumb mouth of England, all unmistakably scoffed at the transience of ordinary human endeavour. Sir Philip felt the appeal of the age-long associations of Lympne, and Mr. Tilden found the opportunity of his life for a work of interpretative architecture.

Building on a site which, both by its present nature and past associations, called for imagination and originality, Sir Philip had the courage and good judgment to abandon conventional types and strike out a line of his own. By so doing he has accomplished two things of real public value. He has proved that it is possible to achieve beauty, proportion and balance in modern architecture and decoration without slavish mimicry of the styles of past centuries, and he has shown that there are in England to-day young architects and artists capable of work of the highest order, of which the measured originality of its conception is equalled by the brilliant quality of its execution.

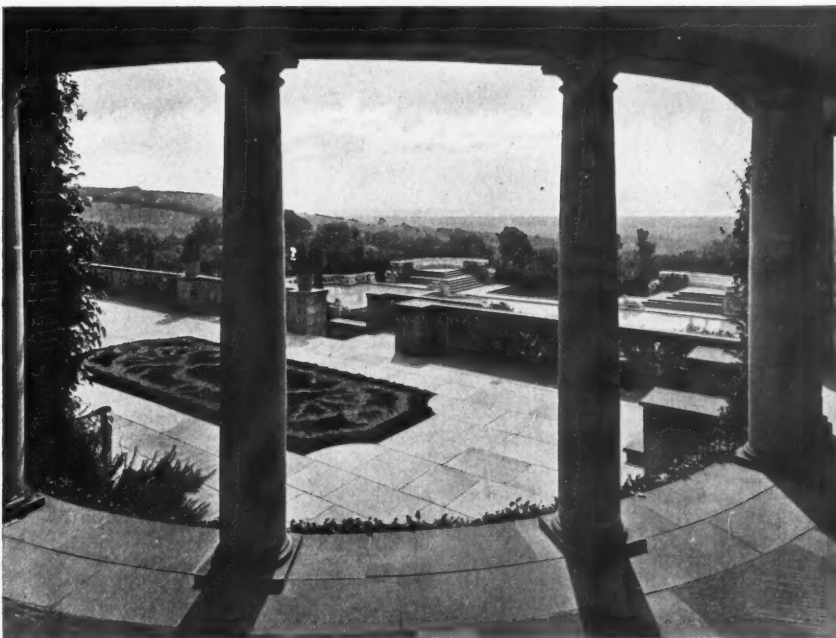
It is no difficult matter, with modern knowledge and resources at his command, for any man of sufficient wealth to build a pleasing replica of one or other of the many beautiful examples of bygone periods of architecture with which England is endowed. Such houses are many. They are and remain



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6.—THE UPPER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—FROM A LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE TERRACE STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—FROM THE HEAD OF THE ROMAN STEPS.

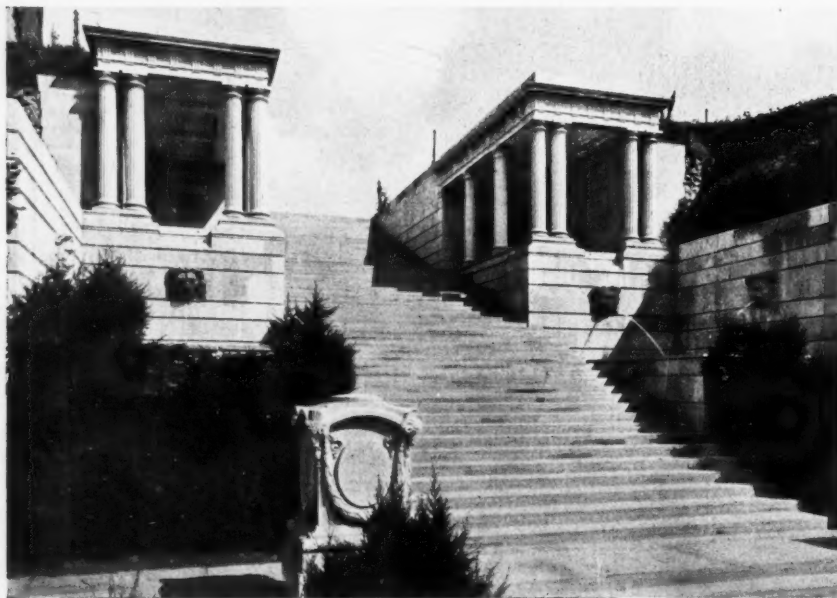
"C.L."



Copyright.

10.—RECALLING THE ROMAN PORTA LEMANIS.

"C.L."



Copyright.

11.—CYPRESS HEDGES, CLASSIC PLINTHS.

"C.L."

replicas. They lack character in themselves, and proclaim a certain lack of character or imagination in their designers and creators. Port Lympe is on a different plane. Without doing violence to the history and traditions of its site—on the contrary, dwelling on them—it possesses a character of its own which is not Greek, Gothic, Tudor, Elizabethan, or anything of the past, but living twentieth century. It bears the hall-mark of its own age, and will stand as an example of the artistic power and ability of its own generation.

Sir Philip was fortunate in being able to summon to his aid architects and artists with the intuition and imagination to catch and interpret his ideas. British art is fortunate that Sir Philip's professional collaborators should have found in him a patron whose enthusiasm and artistic sense have given them an unrivalled opportunity. The splendid success of Sir Philip's bold experiment should be a great encouragement to all who have faith in the future of British art and architecture.

No doubt the place lent itself to the use Sir Philip and his assistants have made of it. In particular, there were the cliffs. In them dwelt the elemental spirit which dominated these men's minds. Something must be done to translate the cliff-spirit into architecture; something as elemental as the spirit itself.

Thus was conceived the idea of the steps. A mystic importance attaches to steps. They symbolise civilisation, human life, the upward struggle of existence. They therefore appeal with peculiar vividness to the mind. Among the relics of departed civilisations steps are predominant. What is most impressive at Knossos is the great stairway. What are the Pyramids but gigantic steps? The only road in these islands still used as the Romans left it is the way over the hills to Harlech. Rough hewn in the rock, half buried in heather and whin, the Roman Steps remain immortal.

Here, on the face of the cliff, mastering the steepness, symbolising man's victory over the spirit which would be a barrier between the living world above and the marshes where nature prevails, should be steps. At the same time their form should be moulded by the most beautiful aspect of the spirit of the place. Any work of artistic intent to be a work of art must embody the highest aspect of the spirit inspiring it, and here the most vivid and human aspect of the spirit of Lemanis was its imperial grandeur. Thus the steps took on the monumental classic form which to the casual observer is inexplicable, pointless. The whole scheme of Port Lympe in its present form is impossible of comprehension apart from the æsthetic implications of its surroundings.

The bathing pool in front of the house is an adaptation of the same idea. Mr. Herbert Baker and the late Mr. Wilmot who built the house had begun a bathing pool in this position. But Mr. Baker was summoned to Delhi, and Mr. Wilmot, unfortunately, died before anything but a huge hole had been dug. The most striking part of the completed work—the twin-stepped platforms on the farther side—are

required by the eye to buttress up the pool; this function of strength being implied by the great volutes at each end of the quadrant parapets. At present they are a little glaring, but when the trees and hedges are grown up and their bulk is shrouded by flowering creeper, they will be extremely effective.

The house is approached by a road cut in the face of the cliffs, which here are of concave plan. Thus the entrance front is always in sight to the visitor, until he enters the paved forecourt. Very striking is the view then obtained; the circular sweep of the carriageway, accentuated by the horizontal

excellently grouped and destined to have pendent tassels on either side the door surround, where at present project two blocks of stone. The bronze doors proclaim an interior entirely different from what we should expect from the outside. They are beautiful pieces of work, designed by Mr. Tilden and executed, with all the ironwork, by Messrs. Bainbridge Reynolds under the supervision of Mr. Frost. Another example of their work is the garden door with its exquisite filigree shown in Fig. 15, with the exception of the lunette which is old work. Passing through the recently cut door in the loggia a view similar to that in Fig. 7 is obtained over the paved terraces, with sunk



Copyright. 12.—THE GREAT STEPS SCALING THE CLIFFS BEHIND THE HOUSE. "C.L."
Gardens and house may pass away, but these steps will remain.

lines of the house and curved loggia, carried on by the stable group on the one hand and the pierced cypress and yew hedge on the other with, all round, guardian caryatids brought from Stowe. The spaciousness of the landscape, glimpses of which are caught through the hedge, is thus reproduced.

This charming façade, in the later seventeenth century manner, is from the designs of Messrs. Baker and Wilmot, and is an excellent example of what modern brickwork can be. But in the middle of it occurs, apparently without explanation, a pair of massive green bronze doors (Fig. 1), heavily studded and bearing ponderous serpentine knockers emanating from masks. Above them is a carved stone trophy,

beds of clipped shrub—sea lavender and box. Other glaucous and aromatic bushes thrive in the warm angles among the stone, scenting the place with the fragrance of the limestone uplands of Provence, with rosemary, lavender and thyme. The loggia, from which the photograph seen in Fig. 7 was taken, is used for meals in summertime, when the eye wanders beyond the fountains and classic masonry of the foreground to the long line of the sea.

Immediately below the house the terrace ends abruptly, converging descents of steps leading down its face to a semi-circular basin, half recessed beneath the terrace. Here roses and stonecrop give colour. Beyond the bathing pool a long flight of grass steps leads down to the tennis courts,



Copyright.

13.—GABLE LOGGIA AND FOUNTAIN.
With herbs growing among the steps.

"C.L."



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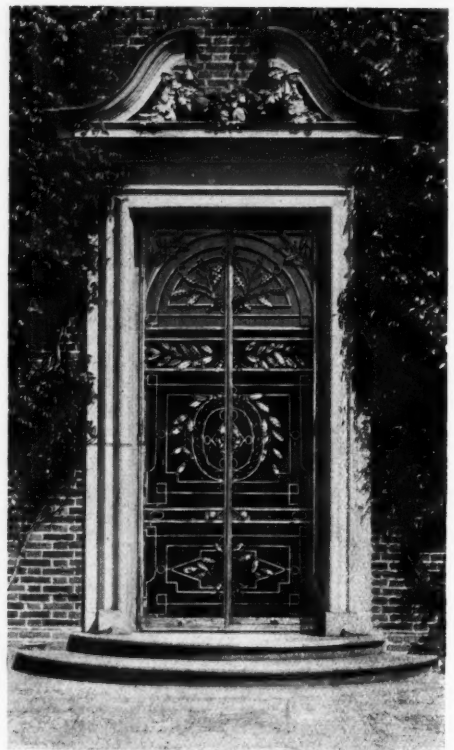
14.—A PATTERN OF HARMONIOUS LINES

"C.L."

surrounded by quick-grown cypress hedges, where a *claire-voyée* of finely wrought iron railings terminate them, the design of which is particularly noteworthy. A suggestion of Spanish choir-screens is combined with the boldness of Scotch seventeenth century work. Another very satisfying detail is that of the railing to the drawing-room door to the terrace (Fig. 6)—a plain, tasselled rope forming the motif.

Returning to the loggia a word may be said of the excellent use of plate glass, with which the more exposed sides are filled. In reaction against the Victorian misuse of plate glass, architects are chary of using it—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, quite rightly. But Port Lympne from every point of view is a hundredth case. It is an *ad hoc* building and outside the regular course of architectural development.

Leaving the loggia by a glazed door we get into the garden furthest from the entrance front. Here the sunk beds are again evident and the Roman steps lead up to the top of the cliff. Leading away from the house is a grass



15.—IRONWORK OF THE TERRACE DOOR.

walk through a wood with a great statue at the end, the grassy banks covered with all manner of spring flowers. We have already tried to show the importance of the steps, how they triumphantly succeed in interpreting the spirit of the place. Ascending them, with more detailed observation, the altar-like plinths, soon to be half hidden by the cypress hedges, carry on the significance of the steps. The lion masks filling the tanks with water are brought from Verona and harmonise perfectly with their setting. With considerable ingenuity there are fashioned in the hillside, at right angles to and beneath the steps, service alleys, so that domestics can get rapidly and unobserved away from the house to any part of the gardens.

At the head of the steps are twin temples. But there are no images or altars—only little sunk stone seats where one can sit and worship the spirit they commemorate; the elemental presence brooding over Lemanis and New Romney, over the marshes stretching away smooth and streaked with fickle light to the Northiam hills, Dungeness and, far to the right, the hursts of the Weald.

SOME ENGLISH CARPETS

ALTHOUGH textile coverings for the floor on important occasions were introduced into England as early as the coming of Elinor of Castile, Queen of Edward I, the indigenous rushes strewn on the floor or twined into matting survived in some localities until the time of the great Civil War. We find early mention of carpets in the inventories of churches and great houses in the fifteenth and successive centuries, and quantities of Oriental carpets were imported into England by Cardinal Wolsey and others. Then of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there are existing pile carpets of English weaving, the earliest known, in the present stage of research, being the magnificent specimen belonging to the Earl of Verulam. The field of it is decorated with repeated branches of carnations upon which is disposed, in the middle, the Royal Arms of England, with the initials of Queen Elizabeth and the date 1570. The arms of Ipswich appears on the left, on the right is that of the Harbottle family. The whole is enclosed in a border of honeysuckle, blue flowers and branches of oak. There are several specimens of early English carpets of later date, three of which by great good fortune are preserved for the nation in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Two of these are dated 1600 and 1602. They were woven in the manner of those of Turkey, using the Giordes knot. In England pile carpeting was much favoured for furniture coverings and a good many pieces still exist. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the manufacture received a certain stimulus from immigrant French weavers, and William III granted a charter for a manufactory in Wilton in 1701. By the middle of the eighteenth century it had increased enormously and was evident in the South and West of England. French weavers were found at work in Paddington by Parisot, a Frenchman, who transferred the business to Fulham and employed more workmen. It had but a short life, the plant and belongings being sold in 1755.

The money grants of the Royal Society to carpet weavers proved of great assistance to manufacturers, such as Passavant of Exeter in 1758, and a neighbour of his in Frome, William Jesser, the year following. Thomas More of Chiswell Street, Moorfields, a few of whose carpets survive, received a grant in 1757, while a great industry was aided by premiums to Thomas Whitty of Axminster in 1757, and the two years following. His manufactory was situated in the Court House near the church and lasted until 1835. The trustees for manufacture in Scotland made a liberal allowance to Gregory

for the floor on important occasions were introduced into England as early as

Thomson and Co. of Kilmarnock, for Turkey carpets, probably the first pile carpets made in Scotland. The earlier Scottish carpets were of plain surface and reversible patterns. From Brussels this method was brought to Kidderminster in 1731 and spread to Glasgow and other parts of Scotland.

The old manufactory of pile carpets at Wilton was greatly encouraged by the Earls of Pembroke and is still working by the old hand-made process, but in other centres mechanical devices were invented and patented to lessen the hand labour. In time the Jacquard attachment to regulate the design and colour by a system of perforated cards began to be used for carpets of almost every kind. About 1850 the power loom was utilised and a revolution in speed and cost was effected. The existing types of looms were perfected and some improvements of great importance were invented in America, one of which, the Royal Axminster loom, was patented there in 1856 and the British rights secured by a Kidderminster firm in 1878. Within the last decade a loom reproducing the Giordes knot of the Asia Minor carpets has made its appearance and will be dealt with later.

The oldest English machine-made carpet in use at the present day is the Kidderminster or Scotch carpet, introduced into Kidderminster about 1735 and referred to in 1751 in connection with an attempt to weave the whole carpet in one piece. It has no nap and is reversible in colour of pattern—that is, when the pattern is red on a green ground on one side, it is green on a red ground on the other.

The Brussels carpet is of looped surface, made over a round wire, and every row of loops is held down by two shots of warps. It is a very good wearing carpet of neat appearance, but not so common as it used to be.

The tapestry carpet is somewhat of the same structure as the Brussels. The great difference lies in its ingenious method of manufacture. The pattern is printed on the warps before weaving and when these are looped on the wires the parts of the design are brought together in proper order.

The machine-made Wilton carpet is of a soft velvet pile. In structure it somewhat resembles the Brussels, with two important points of divergence—namely, an oval wire is used instead of a round one and a cutting blade at the end of it severs the loops and turns them into a pile resembling that of an Oriental carpet, while three shots of weft are used to hold the pile in place. In the Saxony variety a different and thicker worsted is used.

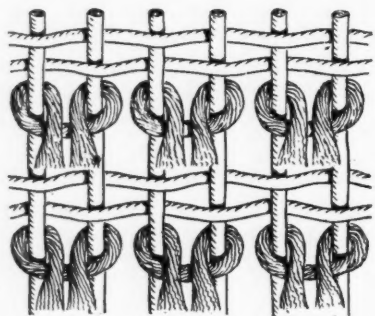


AN ELIZABETHAN PILE CARPET.
Dated 1570.

The Axminster carpet is also a pile carpet, the pile being very fast. The modern loom is one of the most complicated pieces of machinery. At each end of the loom, woollen or worsted threads of one continuous colour are set up in spools, the position of each being determined by the pattern. By complex machinery, portions of the coloured wools forming the pile are dipped between the warps, cut to the proper length and held in position by lines of weft, and so the process is repeated.

The Chenille Axminster carpet differs from the other in being made by two processes. The pile or "Chenille Picks," a loose fluffy thread on a base of gauze, is first made and afterwards woven into the carpet proper.

The machine-made knotted-pile carpet is new, and in structure and knots is identical with the hand-made English, French and Turkey carpets. Of these carpets the Wilton, Axminster and knot-stitch may be considered the most important at the present time. All processes give excellent material results, but the question of design and colouring is a matter for grave consideration on the part of those engaged in the manufacture, and by men of long experience the future of the industry is regarded in rather a pessimistic spirit. The present popularity of "selfs" is an ominous sign—a parallel to the preference for plain wallpapers some years ago. Both are indicative of little general interest in the design of the fabrics. With all the elaborate training in our schools of art, the advantages of studying antique specimens in our well equipped museums, the level of design and colour does not seem to have risen above that of a third-rate Oriental carpet. The influence of William Morris



GIORGES KNOT.

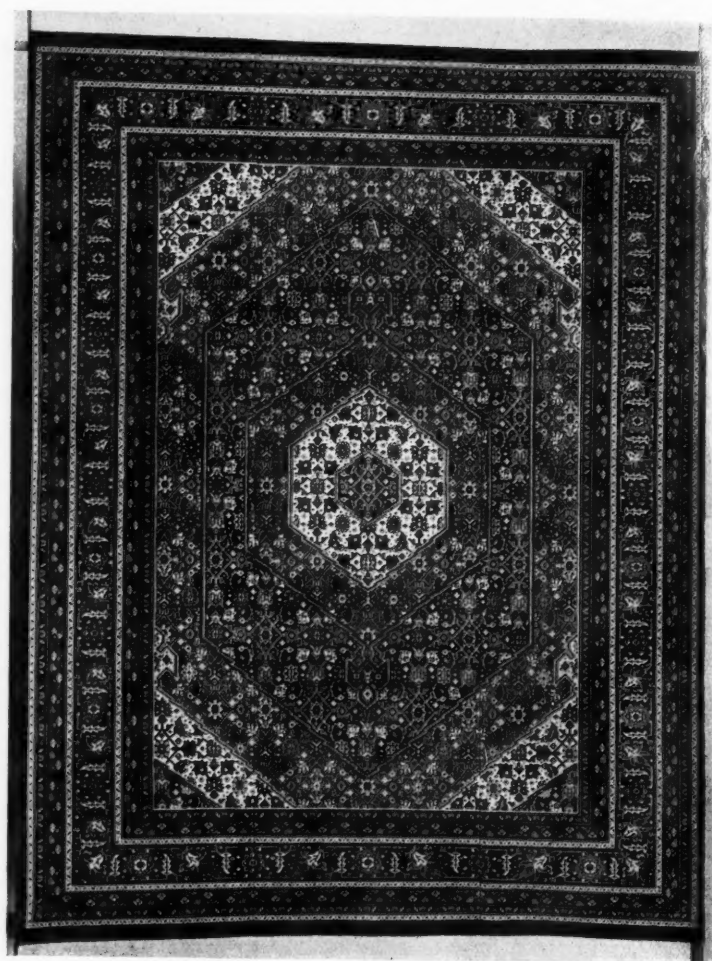
and his excellent carpets has counted for little in carpet designs of the present day. There are good designs often carried out in poor colours and *vice versa*, while we have numerous and lifeless imitations of Oriental carpets or vivid crudities in crimson and blue, but really good colour is generally absent.

In fact, the colour of many modern carpets seems to imitate the body-colour medium in which most designs are executed. If the designer could substitute wools for paint it might be different and success or failure would not so often lie in the power of the colourist at the works.

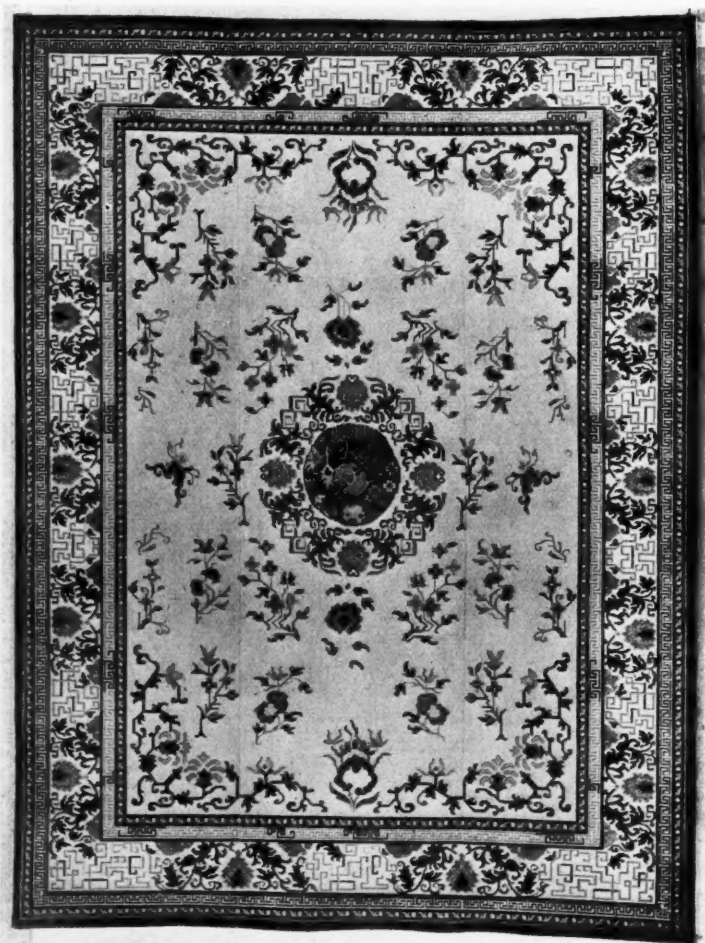
Firms would find it to their advantage to purchase a really good and old Oriental or European carpet, even at a great price, reproduce it in all its strength of colour and dispose of it afterwards. Thereby they would possess an invaluable standard to work up to. The museums, too, might form a small section of carpets for loan purposes to manufacturers under due guarantees. Why should their first-hand advantages be restricted to students?

That such a thing as a really good reproduction of an Oriental carpet, perfect in pitch, design and colour, with all the crispness and fresh quality of the original, is within the bounds of possibility may be seen from the Wilton Chinese carpet reproduced here. The brown-white ground and the ornament in blues and browns are identical with that of the Chinese original. Another copy of a Persian carpet with Herati device, also the property of Messrs. Maple, is reproduced here.

W. G. THOMSON.



COPY OF PERSIAN CARPET IN WILTON PILE



COPY OF CHINESE CARPET IN WILTON PILE.

TWO POETS AND AN ANTHOLOGY

The Poets' Year. An Anthology, compiled by Ada Sharpley. (Cambridge University Press.)

The Poets' Year is hard to write about, because it tempts the reviewer to dip instead into the wealth of its contents; to recognise with enchantment old friends and forgotten friends and to make new ones. Its range is wide. Here are the Coventry Shepherds singing "Terli Terlow," presenting their pipe, hat and mittens to the little Jesus, and making the reader thankful for the inimitable concrete tenderness of the mediæval mind. Here he will find he has forgotten how much magic Blake can put into two lines:

"Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright."

And here is Mr. de la Mare, of whom he had always thought as being peculiarly the poet of the secret and fantastic valleys of man's imagination, emerging unexpectedly to write of England—and to write of her with the same unique distinction as of peacock pies:

"There is great courage in a land which hath
Liberty guarded by the unearthly seas."

And how well "The Busy Heart" of Rupert Brooke stands the stern test of being neighbour to Drayton's sonnet:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part."

—a sonnet so startling in its passionate directness that it seems as though the ink which wrote it cannot yet be dry. Rupert Brooke himself thought it one of the finest sonnets in English, and his own first line—

"Now that we've done our best and worst and parted"

—is fairly obviously suggested by Drayton's, though felt with complete personal newness, as all true poetry must be. But he continues with an interwoven yearning for the Platonic idea—"Love without end" and "Wisdom holy"—together with the concrete loveliness of earth, peculiarly his own:

"I would fill my mind with thoughts that will not rend
(O heart, I do not dare go empty hearted);
I'll think of Love in books, Love without end;
Women with child, content; and old men sleeping;
And wet, strong ploughlands scarred for certain grain;
And babes that weep, and so forget their weeping;
And the young heavens, forgetful after rain."

But *The Poets' Year* is not merely a haphazard collection of verse, as might appear from the above random extracts but (to quote Miss Sharpley's own words) "the days of the year have provided a framework for this anthology," the care of the compiler having been "not so much to fit each day with its poem as to place those chosen in the season to which they seem naturally to belong, and in such sequence as to form a harmonious whole." And truly the poems follow each other with an apt inevitability which must be the result both of fine instinct, patient care and a great love of and familiarity with our magnificent inheritance of English poetry. If anyone wants to feel a fresh gratitude for this inheritance he should read and cherish *The Poets' Year*.
F. C. C.

HINTS OF THE PROPER CRAFT.

ANOTHER volume of *Collected Poems* (Jonathan Cape, 6s. net) of W. H. Davies is certain of receiving as cordial a welcome as its predecessor. For frontispiece it has a reproduction in black and white of Augustus John's portrait of the author. The painter has been highly successful in rendering a face eloquent of poetry and yet bold and strong, with a look of roguishness in the mouth that accounts for many of the unexpected, yet homely, beautiful phrases that he brings in without any appearance of labour. He has that mastery over his material and the tools with which he works that enable an artist, either in pen and ink or on canvas, to produce gay and grave effects alike with a light and seemingly careless touch. It is a pleasure of which one never tires to glance over the phrases long familiar and note the lines that had from the first a charm that grows more dear as time passes. The spring poem which he calls "Easter" has just such a passage:

And many a bird hops in between
The leaves he dreams of, long and green,
And sings for nipple-buds that show
Where the full-breasted leaves must grow.

The conclusion of the really beautiful poem, "On hearing Mrs. Woodhouse play the Harpsichord," is another indelible record of a happy mood:

So, lady, I would never dare
To hear your music ev'ry day:
With those great bursts that send my nerves
In waves to pound my heart away;
And those small notes that run like mice
Bewitched by light; else on those keys—
My tombs of song—you should engrave:
"My music, stronger than his own,
Has made this poet my dumb slave."

What a lovely vision is that of the summer wind:

Dragging the corn by her golden hair,
Into a dark and lonely wood.

Here is an inimitable miniature of an old dog incarnate:

The dog was there, outside her door,
She gave it food and drink,
She gave it shelter from the cold:
It was the night young Molly robbed
An old fool of his gold.

"Molly," I said, "you'll go to hell—"
And yet I half believed
That ugly, famished, tottering cur
Would bark outside the gates of Heaven,
To open them for Her!

That horror of cats, which was so real a thing to the late Lord Roberts and has haunted many who do not like to confess to it, is expressed most originally by the little poem in which he tells that—

I see two naked eyes this night;
Two eyes that neither shut nor blink,

and there is a certain horrified bewilderment in the repetition at the end of the poem:

And though I'm sure I see those eyes,
I'm not so sure a body's there!

The hatred of the cat could not have been more fully defined in an epic poem devoted to the subject.

Very suitably this slight appreciation and string of quotations may be followed by the vigorous poem called "Passion's Hounds":

With mighty leaps and bounds,
I followed Passion's hounds,
My hot blood had its day;
Lust, Gluttony, and Drink,
I chased to Hell's black brink,
Both night and day.

I ate like three strong men,
I drank enough for ten,
Each hour must have its glass;
Yes, Drink and Gluttony
Have starved more brains, say I,
Than Hunger has.

And now, when I grow old,
And my slow blood is cold,
And feeble is my breath—
I'm followed by those hounds,
Whose mighty leaps and bounds
Hunt me to death.

P. A. G.

MISS SITWELL'S BUCOLICS.

Bucolic Comedies, by Edith Sitwell. (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.)

MISS EDITH SITWELL does not hold that a good wine needs no bush. In front of her small wine shop is placed an enormous bush, made up of twigs snipped mostly from her own essays. The first is rather in Eccles vein, the boast being that she belongs to a race "whose skill in falconry was used indiscriminately on the smallest song-birds and on a winged and blinded Fate." One hopes that whatever happened to Fate the small song-birds were not winged or blinded! The second of her extracts contains a very funny passage: "every sight, touch, sound, smell, of the world we live in, . . . is, in short, a kind of psycho-analysis." A third essay, as far as the extract from it goes, is a description of modern heart-break, which is described as "a dulling and a retrogression, a travelling backward: till man is no longer the bastard of beasts and of gods, but is blind, eyeless, shapeless as the eternal stones." The final extract is an unflattering description of a country gentleman. Surely it would have been better to have let the little poems stand by themselves instead of being introduced by this half-baked mixture of mysticism and triviality. They are in no need of apology, but are trivial, gay and happy, and have withal a refreshing absence of sense in their wording.

"In the kitchen you must light
Flames as staring, red and white

"As carrots or as turnips, shining
Where the cold dawn light lies whining.

"Cockscorn hair on the cold wind
Hangs limp, turns the milk's weak mind. . . .

"Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again!"

The blot on the scutcheon here is the rhyming of "wind" with "mind." It makes the wind like the "cold dawn light" "whining" and misses the greater beauty of "winn'd," to spell phonetically.

We quote one poem in full, not because it is the best in the volume, but it is short and contains samples of nearly all the peculiarities exhibited in these bucolics:

"Fading slow
And furred is the snow
As the almond's sweet husk,
And smelling like musk.
The snow amygdaline
Under the eglantine
Where bristling stars shine
Like a gilt porcupine—
The snow confesses
The little Princesses
On their small chioppines
Dance under the orpines.
See the casuistries
Of their slant flutt'ring eyes—
Gilt as the zodiac
(Dancing herodiad).
Only the snow slides
Like gilded myrrh
From the rose-branches—hides
Rose-roots that stir!"

To marry a simple bride like "snow" to a polysyllabic monster such as "amygdaline" is, indeed, a triumph of the new bucolics.

HOME LIFE IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY FLORENCE



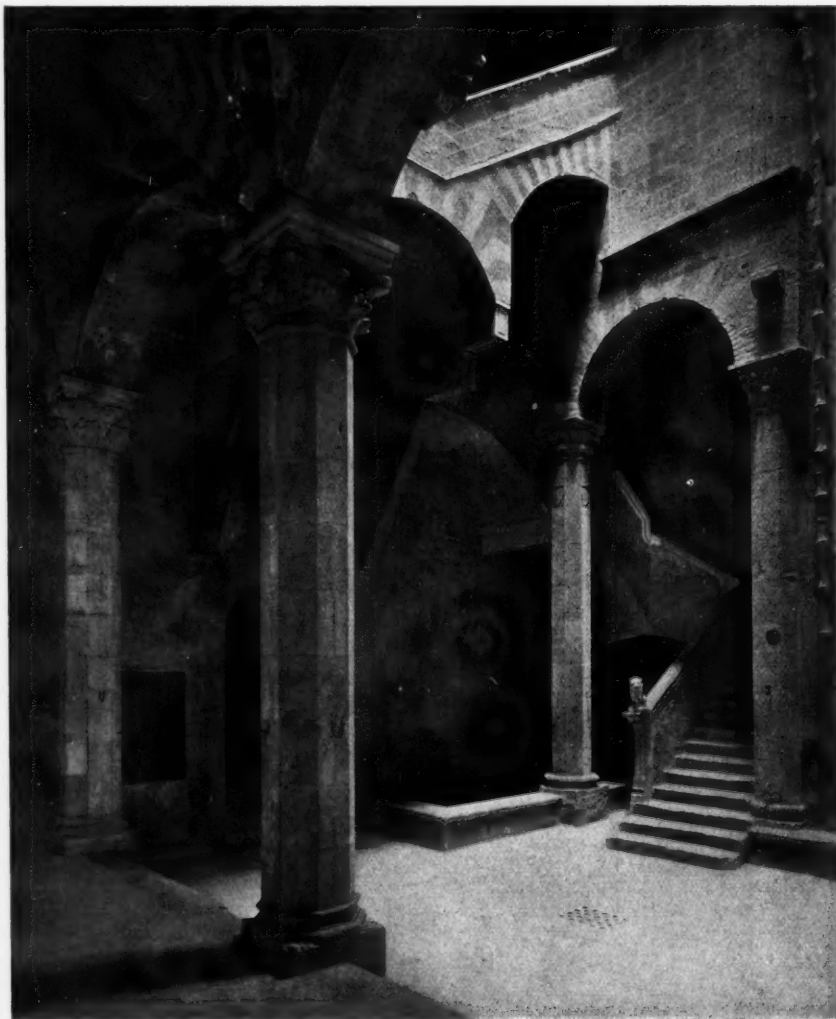
FROM THE LOGGIA BENEATH THE ROOF OF THE DAVANZATI PALACE.

IN Florence the past is ever with us. Strolling beside the Arno with the Ponte Vecchio in view, passing from room to room in her great storehouses of Art or through the narrow streets, it is the Florence of Dante, of Raphael, of Botticelli and Lorenzo that holds one's thoughts rather than the Florence of to-day, with the restless tide of modern life fretting at the feet of her monumental palaces. Weariness, bodily and mental, ensues from too strenuous efforts to assimilate the splendid heritage of Tuscany in a brief space of time, but presently one finds that, half unconsciously, out of the confusion of ideas the mind is forming its own pictures. Certain radiant and forceful figures detach themselves, certain events stand out as turning points and landmarks; Florentine history becomes alive. Yet there are things left unsaid by the grave and erudite historian, untouched by the great painters, in exchange for which we would have gladly bartered the records of high intrigues and of State pageantry which leave us unsatisfied and cold. Triumphant processions, tourneys, wedding feasts and stately funerals, it is not of such "captain jewels of the carcanet" that the web of human life is composed, nor is there wide scope for individuality in the performance of public ceremonial.

The nobles and burghers of Florence, transacting business or sitting at home at ease, would differ in many points of dress and bearing from the dignified personages riding in the train of

Cosimo and Lorenzo in the frescoes of the Ricardi Chapel. And the great ladies who "sat" to Bronzino, to Raphael and Sandro, or posed for the frescoes of Santa Maria Novella, have the air of being equally remote from common everyday matters. How precious and how rare the glimpses of family life! Lorenzo playing with his children or reading with an indulgent smile the naive letters of his little son, which describe how "Giuliano does nothing but laugh all day; Lucrezia sews, sings, reads; Maddalena goes knocking her head against the walls but does not hurt herself; Contesina is making a great noise all over

the house"—a welcome assurance that childish laughter did ring out unrestrained in those vast, ancestral chambers, and merry faces peered down at the jostling crowd below from heavily barred windows more suggestive of a fortress than a home. But the centuries in passing have drawn veil upon veil over the private life of the Medici period, so that in the Davanzati Palace—where the restorations carried out in recent years are not merely architectural, but extend to the details of domestic furniture—we have something beyond the scope of galleries and museums. The Via Porta Rossa, in which it stands, once on a time a street of palaces within the circuit of the mediæval walls of Florence, is now almost wholly devoted to commerce. To pass through the portal of the Davanzati Palace is to step into another world. Through a vestibule with



AN INTERIOR ARCADED COURT ON WHICH A MELLOW LIGHT FALLS FROM ABOVE.

rough-cast walls one enters an interior arched court on which a mellow light falls from above. Of the five tall octagon pillars which give support to the upper galleries, one capital is boldly carved with heads of the Davizzi family, original possessors of the palazzo, their coat of arms and that of their more notable successors, the Davanzati, being graven on two neighbouring columns. Before ascending the flight of steps leading up to the *piano nobile* it may be worth while to recall briefly the history of these two families, each typical of the ruling class in Florence when she was rising to the zenith of her power. In the twelfth century the Davizzi owned houses and lands beyond the city as well as palaces within its walls, but in the early years of the cinquecento the family fortunes fell so low that the sale of the palazzo became necessary. In 1576 it again changed hands, passing into the possession of Bernardo d'Anton Francesco Davanzati, who after a successful business career in Lyons devoted his later years to literature, translated Tacitus and wrote, besides historical works, a treatise on "The Schism in England."

From the year 1320 to the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, members of the Davanzati family held eleven times the high office of Gonfaloniere and forty-four times that of Prior. From others, as from certain of the Davizzi, the full price of failure in the cause of liberty was exacted. In the meantime it is recorded that in 1498 the palace contained "three woolshops," a thing not uncommon when men of rank combined commercial enterprises with offices of state.

Let us now mount the worn stone stairs trodden by the feet of so many generations and wander through the suite of lofty, spacious rooms reserved for the head of the family. In the perfectly proportioned guest chamber, with its five windows looking on the street, the dull red marble flooring has four small trap-doors, called "*piombatoi*," a few feet apart, through which molten lead, boiling oil and heavy balls of stone were poured in time of siege on those who succeeded in forcing an entrance to the vestibule below. Opposite the windows a beautiful fireplace with *amoretti* and garlands in low relief is said to be the work of Michelozzo. Here fire-dogs stand, ready to bear a pile of blazing logs, and ranged beside the hearth are various small utensils, most of them unknown to the modern housewife. Tapestries clothe the walls, some in narrow strips depending from hooks from which they can be easily detached. Small cupboards let into the masonry contain statuettes or bas-reliefs of the Madonna and Child, or it may be a painting of Saint Christopher or a bust of Dante. Carved chairs worthy of a Doge of Venice are placed on either side of a long table in the centre of the room, and a raised seat occupies one end of it, where one can picture grave and reverend seniors in fur-trimmed gowns conversing in measured tones, or the chatelaine in pearls and brocade awaiting a gallant company of distinguished guests. In the adjoining hall the dinner table is laid for a small party—the lord, the lady, perhaps a guest or a favourite child. A set of forks denotes a special degree of refinement at a period when they were still a rarity, while on the sideboard stands an array of the exquisite frail glass of Murano, which reached its highest point of art and beauty during the Renaissance.

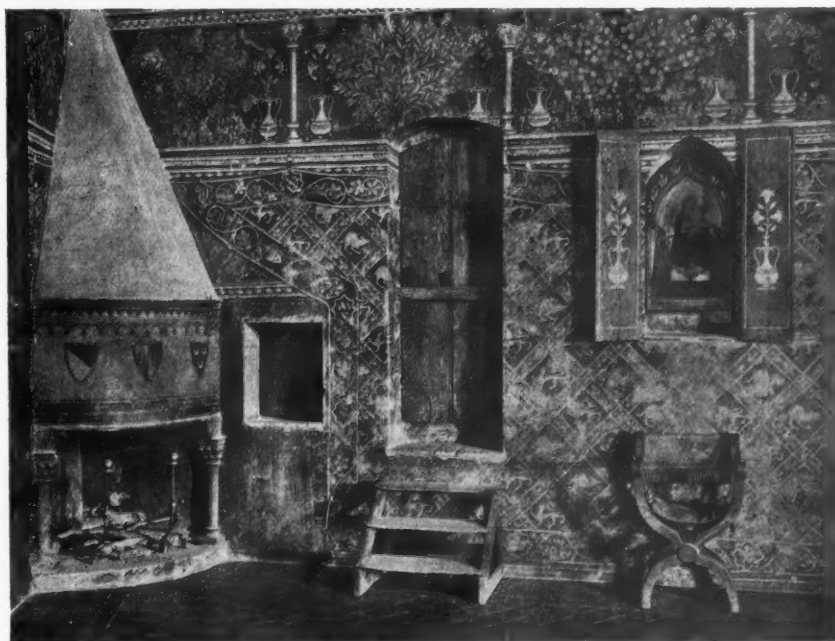
Among the other apartments on the *piano nobile* none is equal in point of decoration to the bedchamber, with walls painted to simulate hangings of arras, surmounted by a deep frieze,



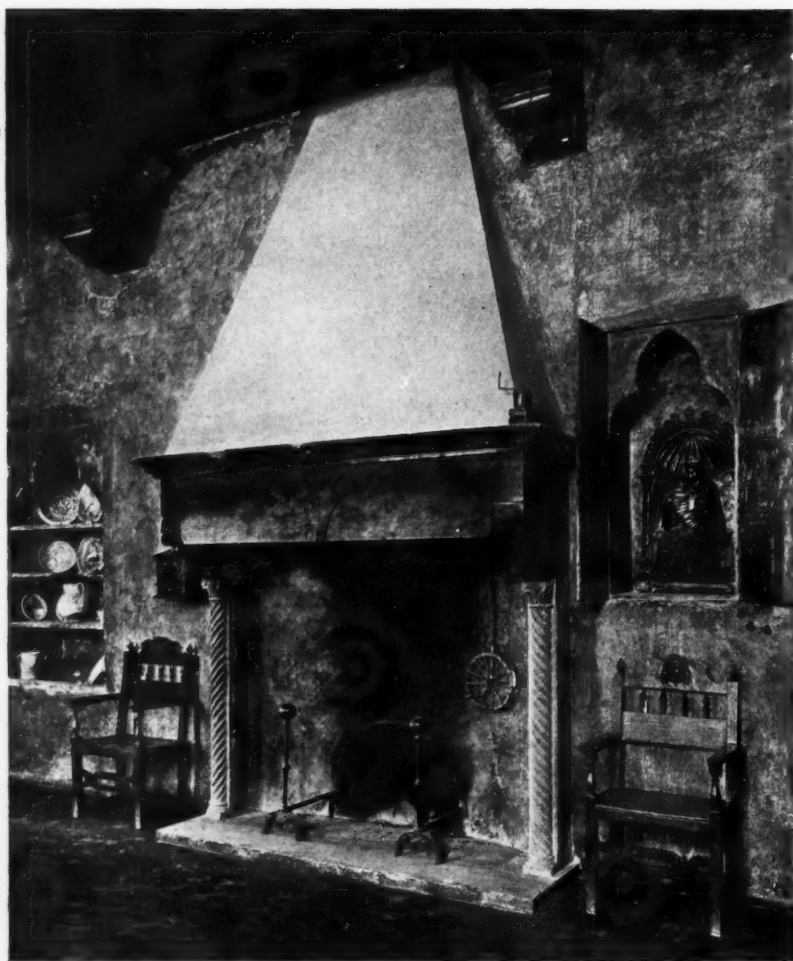
THE GREAT CHAMBER WITH DULL RED MARBLE FLOOR.



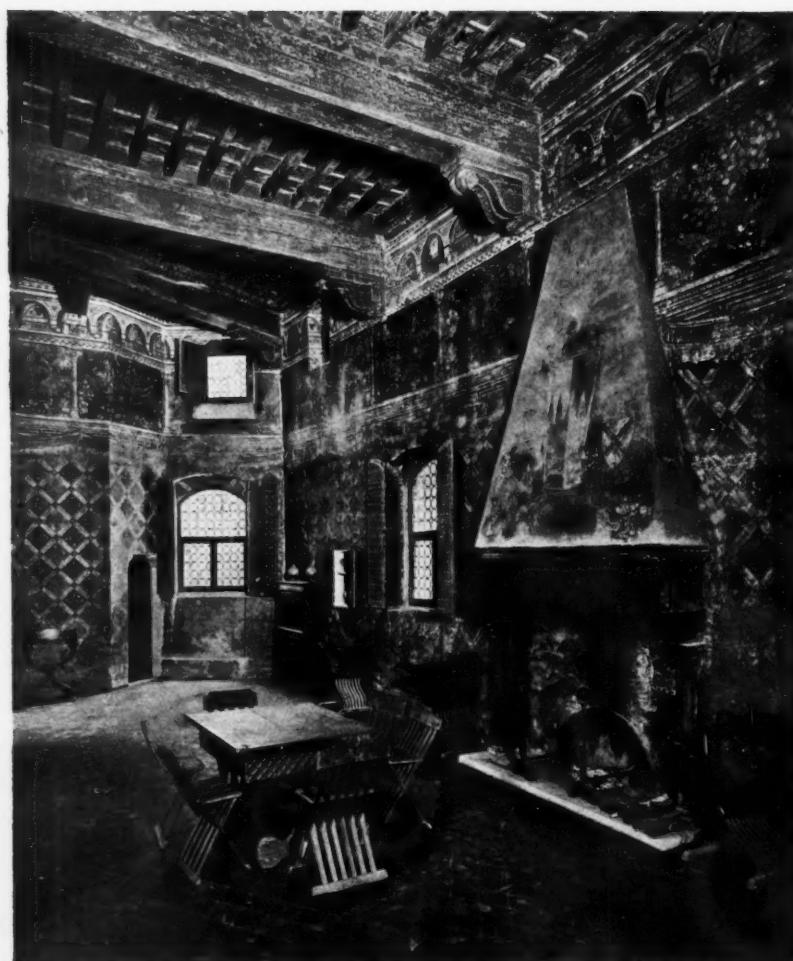
THE CHIMNEYPiece, ATTRIBUTED TO MICHELOZZO.



A CORNER OF THE BEDCHAMBER



IN THE DINING-HALL.



ANOTHER CHAMBER, WITH ARRAS-Frescoed WALLS

representing the tragic tale of a duchess of Burgundy whose conjugal infidelities met with their just reward, which doubtless exercised a salutary effect on the conduct of the ladies who were united by marriage to scions of the house of Davanzati.

A canopied bed, richly upholstered, a *cassone*, or marriage chest, and some books with tooled covers of an early date arrest one; last, not least, a corner fireplace in stone that is probably not much later than the fourteenth century. On the second floor the plan of the rooms leading off the central gallery is practically identical; two large halls, a study or morning-room, a bed-chamber, and one or two small rooms furnished with kitchen utensils which probably served as pantry and still-rooms, being of quite inadequate size for the gargantuan culinary preparations incident to a marriage feast or civic banquet. The spit could have held but a half-dozen capons at most, nor could the customary "mounds of pastry or sugar, castles, columns, statuettes in marchpane," not to mention pasties and made dishes in endless variety, have been executed in such a restricted space.

But the palazzo has suffered many changes of fortune, and the picture one is now enabled to piece together of the daily life of its former inhabitants is necessarily imperfect and fragmentary.

The style of architecture, massive and severe; the reception rooms, designed for entertaining on a lavish scale; the bedrooms, comparatively few in number, which were often shared by ten or more persons, testify to a state of society very different to our own.

It was a society in which the daughters of the rich were brought up in strict seclusion, receiving in exceptional instances a classical education, but being usually taught little besides devotional exercises and the art of embroidery. Not till the bride was brought face to face with the husband of her parents' choice was the door opened which led to liberty. The sons, committed to the care of a tutor, fared better; they took their walks abroad, were trained in manly exercises, and after graduating at a university adopted soldiering for their profession or plunged into practical affairs. When in course of time they took to themselves wives, they brought them home and were allotted a floor of the family mansion, according to the patriarchal rule. Their elders meanwhile were absorbed in business, pleasure, politics and so forth. The ladies occupied themselves with the management of their households, the cares of hospitality and their toilettes; their lords were immersed in mercantile affairs or actively engaged in the service of the State. So while in an upper chamber patient fingers were engaged at the broidery frames and the spinning-wheel hummed monotonously, the master of the house in his study bent over his ledger or turned the pages of some newly discovered work of Greek philosophy, and his lady-wife in an adjoining chamber compounded perfumes and cosmetics, or devised a new headdress with her tire-woman, regardless of the sumptuary laws by which the Signory sought vainly to set bounds to feminine extravagance.

But in spite of the associations that cling to this or that living-room, it is the beautiful loggia running the whole length of the façade and rising high above the neighbouring houses that brings one into closest touch with the life of the past; with the fair ladies who leaned over the balustrade to see a procession go by, or disposed themselves on rugs and cushions for the midday siesta; or with those young lovers who left the feasting and the dance to pace slowly up and down, silent in the fulness of their content. To this place of vantage would come the father and his elder sons, to watch in times of unrest for the onset of a turbulent mob or the approach of armed and disciplined foes, themselves concealed behind the supporting pillars; or one can picture here, overcast by the impending doom of

exile, the tragic figure of a patriot, gazing for, perhaps, the last time on his beloved Florence, who knew his party broken, his hopes defeated, and the sword of vengeance in the hand of his enemy.

Such fancies and a hundred others fill one's brain as one turns to go, throwing a parting glance at the familiar cathedral dome whose graceful lines can only be fully enjoyed from an elevated position, the tall tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and the blue hills beyond.

Reluctantly one regains the street, considering the while the rise and fall of families and the consequent vicissitudes through which an ancient house must pass, subjected to alternations of good and ill fortune, to periods of bad taste when exquisite frescoes were hidden under whitewash and the very structure was not immune, and changes of ownership by which

family relics were dispersed and all but the bare walls shorn away. Needless to say, there is not a shred remaining of the original silken hangings, the finely wrought bed and table linen, or the embroideries lavished on household effects which a family such as the Davanzati would possess; but, in their place, arranged so as to convey an air of use and wont, are many rare and beautiful pieces of appropriate style and date. An expert might conceivably discover objects of dubious authenticity, but, thanks to the taste and knowledge of Professor Volpi, the present owner, there is nothing to destroy the general air of harmony.

We have here a link with the historic past of Florence that not merely offers a welcome variation to the usual round of sight-seeing, but awakens that train of thought without which classic art loses in significance and ancient buildings are visited in vain.

CORONA MORE.

DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

VI.—FIRST LESSON WITH THE SPRING THROWER.

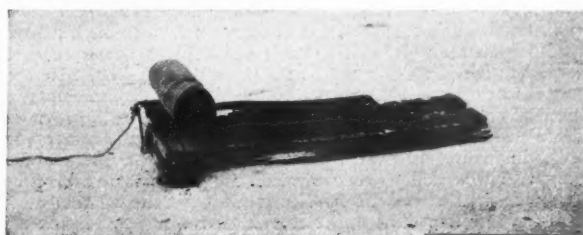


THE CHECK CORD IS USED BY WAY OF PRECAUTION FOR THE FIRST TIME OF THROWING.

A GREAT day has been reached in the puppy's career when he is first introduced to the "spring thrower." As the illustration makes clear, this is an adaptation of the self-same apparatus which was used upwards of forty years ago for the purpose of projecting glass balls into the air for shooting practice, the clay bird with its skimming flight having since supplanted this rather crude apparatus. A pan suitable to the size of the dummy must replace the cup which formerly held the glass ball, otherwise there is no difference. Since glass ball throwers are now no longer obtainable, the local blacksmith must produce what is wanted. In essence the function of the thrower, as the principal apparatus used in training shooting dogs, is to project into the air, so that the dog may see it fall, the dummy with which his early retrieving lessons are conducted. As will be understood, a length of line attached to the trigger of the thrower enables the spring to be released from a distance, either by the trainer himself or by an assistant standing to one side.

For a start the trainer should always arrange that the wind is in the dog's favour when he is sent out to retrieve the fallen dummy. He must further take care so to place the trap that the dummy will fall among long grass or rushes of such density as to compel the puppy to use his nose in searching for the prize. He has already been taught to ignore the dummy when thrown down in front of him, likewise not to go for it till ordered to do so, the command "no" being used to check any tendency to run in. The check cord should always be used on the first occasion, since much depends on restraining the puppy on his introduction to the mechanically thrown dummy. For the first time or two the puppy is not allowed to retrieve, the trainer must leave the dog sitting and himself go out to pick it up, reset the trap and replace the dummy in the pan. So valuable an opportunity for impressing the lesson of steadiness must on no account be missed. I give the warning "no," as the dog must not get up, and it usually has the desired effect of checking any tendency to anticipate instructions. The third time I say "Hie, Lost!" and with a wave of the hand encourage the dog to go out. If he does not realise what is wanted I coax and pat him, repeating the order and indicating the direction. As soon as he begins to hunt and it is apparent that he has got

wind of the dummy, I encourage him with "Hie, Lost! Lost! Lost! Good Dog!" as this will help remind the pupil that on occasions he must quest for things which he has not seen drop. This lesson is continued for a couple of days, always keeping the dog down the first time the dummy is thrown. By the third day the trap is placed down-wind so that the puppy has to hunt for the



THE THROWER SHOWN ON BARE GROUND.



IN A MORE NATURAL SITUATION AND AFTER RELEASE.

dummy instead of being led straight to it by the trail of scent. By carefully graduated stages the task is made more difficult with a view to stimulating perseverance.

The thrower is a fine thing to implant the habit of steadiness at such times as when game is falling thick and fast. Not only that, but there is no means I know of for better instilling in the dog's brain the necessity of marking every place where game falls, the consequent habit of observation enabling him to go straight to the fall instead of seeming perversely to neglect the one and only spot. This quality I place as high as the ability to find runners; for if a dog is a bad marker he will lose ever so much time in reaching the place where scent becomes apparent. Then, again, the puppy learns from the start that waiting for the order does not deprive him of the duty he is so anxious to perform. In the old way of working you had first to allow him to run in on real game, and afterwards transpose what was a virtue into a fault by forbidding the selfsame act. Even now there are those who throw a ball, a bird, or anything else that is handy, for the puppy to retrieve; the dog rushes out, brings back the trophy and so qualifies for a severe course of correction in order to eradicate a fault which need never have been implanted.

Up to this point the pupil has been taught steadiness in presence of a falling object, be it understood without the aid of a single shot, for the longer that knowledge of the killing power of the gun can be delayed the better. He must next be impressed with the need of equal steadiness when the dummy falls quite close, and this is effected by seating him some ten yards beyond the place where it will fall, the trainer going back to the place where he pulls the line. The word "no" reminds the pupil to keep down while the trainer is occupied in picking up the dummy and replacing it on the thrower. If the puppy has successfully withstood the first temptation he is re-seated within three or four yards of the fall. If at any stage he gets restless, a stern "no" checks the tendency to do wrong; but if he actually does go to the dummy and picks it up, the trainer removes it from his possession, throws it back on the spot whence it was removed, picks it up and replaces it on the thrower.

And so I ring the changes, never on these occasions allowing the puppy to pick up the dummy. At first the trainer stands about fifteen yards from the thrower, gradually increasing the distance to 40yds., which, with the 20yds. range of the thrower, represents the full distance at which game is grassed by the gun. To allow the puppy at this stage to go too far out to hunt the quarry is undoubtedly a mistake, especially where Labradors are concerned. In fact, one of the virtues of the thrower is that it teaches a puppy to stick to its ground and not gallop over and disturb areas outside gun range.

Not only can this thrower be used to teach a dog to mark, but it is also ideal for teaching a spaniel to drop to a rising bird which is shot and falls in the open. To effect this purpose the thrower must be concealed in a bunch of grass, so that while the puppy is engaged on some mission of search a favourable moment may be chosen for pulling the string and firing a blank charge. The dog sees it fall and so can be taught a most important duty without recourse to live game and its attendant excitements. Such lessons will be introduced in due order, but this previous reference will serve to show how important a part the apparatus will play in future lessons. Speaking more generally, it enables training to be carried to an advanced stage before introducing the real thing. Not only is it effective in checking all tendency to run in to a falling bird, but it also teaches a puppy to pick up



THE TRAINER CAN, AT A LATER STAGE, PULL THE CORD AS WELL AS FIRE.

his game quickly and not stop to mouth the dummy as he would be inclined to do in the case of fur or feather. Then, again, many dogs become bad retrievers as a consequence of having to be corrected for biting or otherwise treating their game in a rough manner, the lack of life in the dummy withholding the temptation and so building up the habit of a soft mouth. If, by chance, the dummy does get a nip, there is no response and hence no enticement to continue.

On the score of economy, the dummy, whether projected by the thrower or hidden beforehand, has much to recommend it. The old school of trainers maintained that it was impossible to deal with more than two or three dogs in the season; this, no doubt, because they were unacquainted with the use of substitutes which are available all the year round, irrespective of season. If a man like myself were limited to the use of real game for training, the fee charged would be more than swallowed up in providing the wherewithal in the form of a heavily stocked shoot. And all the while the economical method offers the best means of preventing the development of faults such as spoil many a dog that is good at heart.

There should be no confusion between training a dog and giving it experience. The last named is the owner's task exclusively. A dog fresh from a course of training is under absolute control, walks obediently to heel, does not attempt to leave till told, is free from chase, quite steady to shot, answers voice or whistle, in the case of a spaniel drops to hand or shot, goes out and quests for lost or wounded game and retrieves quickly and tenderly to hand. If a dog will do all this, the rest is easy and can be accomplished by careful handling on the part of his master. In the case of a new client I always try and get him to come and walk with me so as to see his dog at work, and so I half train the man in addition to demonstrating the accomplishments of my pupils. Those who think that when a dog has been trained by a man of good repute it will be proof against all future temptations fall into a sad error; and the sooner they learn that theirs is the task of carrying on the work where I leave it the better for both parties concerned. If ever it happens that a dog trained by me is afterwards spoiled by bad handling, nothing will induce me to accept any more commissions from the same quarter. In a word, the shooter who aspires to pursue his sport in company with a dog must be prepared seriously to study not only the work that may be expected, but how to ensure its correct performance.

R. SHARPE.

THERE

There, in God's garden, let my body rest,
For every breeze is sleeping; every glade
With flowers decked, latticed with sun and shade.
No savage beast, raising a warlike crest,
Unsheathes his armoury; but undistressed
Safely the herds through quiet waters wade
There.

And there the peace with which my soul is blessed
Past understanding, wondrous, heaven made,
Like nature's harmonies can never fade,
For Christ, the Master, is both Host and Guest.
There.

G. HERBERT THRING.

CORRESPONDENCE

EXTINCTION OF WILD GAME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent A. R. Taylour is, I think, needlessly alarmed about the disappearance of the big-game of East Africa in the near future. I have known East Africa for the last twenty years, and as this period has seen much of the country develop from uninhabited bush to occupied farms, with practically no diminution in the amount of game, there seems small reason to expect total extinction during the next twenty years. I lived for ten years in a part of Uganda near the shores of Lake Victoria. Great developments took place during this time. Roads were made, plantations run by Europeans were opened out, and motors were to be met with on the most unfrequented native paths. The effect of this on the game of the district should give some idea of the probable life of the big-game in Africa. The last two lions known in the district were killed soon after I got there. Elephants were occasional visitors during the first two years. Both these animals are, however, still to be found less than fifty miles away. Buffalo have probably increased. They are in sufficient numbers to cause damage on plantations, and come right up to the houses on the estates. Leopards, in spite of much hunting, are still a nuisance. All the antelope family are certainly as common as ever. They also cause damage by barking the rubber trees. The hippopotamus, at any rate near Lake Victoria, stands as much chance of extinction as the house fly in this country. They frequently leave the water for a moonlight stroll round the golf links, and through the streets of Jinja township. On the whole, the development of a province during ten years had the effect of keeping away such occasional visitors as lion and elephant, and no effect on the rest of the fauna, unless it be towards increase. I remember in 1904, on my first trip on the Uganda Railway, being told to look out for giraffe near Kui station. I saw them, a herd of five. In 1919 I again saw the herd, in the same place. Mr. Taylour may take consolation. Africa is vast. The parts developed, if marked on the map, would be unnoticeable, and even here game is not extinct, may even be increasing. Some animals may be driven a few miles farther back, and the vast herds of zebra and elephant may recede, but there is room for them to withdraw from the settled areas. There are large game reserves and stringent game laws in operation. It is doubtful if so much slaughter of game is now practised as was prevalent before the advent of civilisation. One would like to hear the opinion of Mr. W. D. M. Bell on the subject. His experience of the larger and rarer game in the more unknown parts of the country is unique.—E. BROWN.

THOMSON'S "CROSSING THE BROOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You lately published a reproduction of a coloured engraving of Thomson's "Crossing the Brook," from the collection of Mr. Basil Dighton. Can any of your readers tell me where the original picture is? Viscount Knutsford has an oil painting of the picture but does not think it is the original.—HERTS.

HEDGEHOGS IN CLAPHAM PARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Reading the other day in one of the delightful old numbers of your paper about the hedgehog, I am reminded that in my old garden and orchard here I found two hedgehogs, and was in hopes of keeping them safe and sound. Unfortunately, a neighbour's terrier found them out and killed them both, much to my distress. How such shy nocturnal animals found their way to Clapham Park is a mystery. They must have come from the Kent woods somehow. The pity is that a cockney cares little about wild animals and takes no care of them.—B. MORRIS.

A NOVEL CATCH OF A TROUT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Somerset is noted for its heavy trout, and both brown and rainbows are taken from Blagdon every season that are worthy of being cased. On Thursday, May 10th, the shallow mill-race at Cheddar produced a fine specimen trout of 8lb. in weight, which must be approaching a record for a wild stream-fed Somerset trout—length from nose to tail, 25½ ins. depth, 6 ins.; breadth across back, 3 ins. This proves the trout to be in first-class condition and extremely well made up, as it is well above the F.G. scale of weight for size. Although the

trout was safely "basketed," it did not get there by aid of fly, minnow or other bait. This particular fish was known to be somewhere in the stream, and it had evidently got into too shallow water when chasing smaller trout, and became involved in serious difficulties; an energetic onlooker borrowed a clothes basket and, after an exciting time, secured the trout. Fortunately, the loss of the specimen will greatly benefit the stream, for trout of this size in a small river are out of place and are as bad as pike, as they consume the small and medium sized fish in quantities. The trout is being set up, and the captor will be able to say truthfully that he indeed "basketed an 8lb. Somerset trout."—ERNEST A. LITTEN.

WHERE OUR SOLDIERS ARE BURIED IN ITALY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This photograph of the British cemetery at Montecchio Precalcino is apart from its beauty, of interest as showing the type of cemetery recently visited by H.M. the King. The great simple gate-piers in the foreground, the rising tiers of graves, and the cross standing out against the distant blue mountains, in the centre of the long, loggia-bounded wall, make



THE BRITISH CEMETERY AT MONTECCHIO PRECALCINO.

this one of the most beautiful of our Italian cemeteries.—W. G.

CHURCHYARD YEW TREES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is there any protection for the ancient yew trees of our country churchyards? In September, 1921, when I visited a churchyard in Mid-Sussex, I was much impressed by the fine old yew trees, box trees of unusual growth (the branches of the latter measuring from five to six inches in diameter) and a Portugal laurel of immense size, then red with berries. On revisiting the place last month I was dismayed to find most of these splendid trees had been cut down level with the ground! I asked a man working near, the reason for such wanton destruction, and all he would say was that there was a new vicar. To the injury insult had been added by the planting of numbers of young golden arbor-vitæ and prunus trees, which seemed out of tune with the little church of Norman origin, and gave the place the appearance of a suburban villa garden. These centuries-old trees are one of the treasures of England, and it does not seem right for them to be at the mercy of a transient vicar. You would be doing a service if you could give information as to their protection, which might prevent the axe falling elsewhere as it has here.—SUSSEX.

THE MIGRATION OF THE CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The migration of the cuckoo has always been a mystery; and, beyond the fact that it winters in Africa as far south as Natal, we know very little. Under the "British Birds" ringing scheme only 160 cuckoos have been marked, and the few returns have shown little, as they have all been made in our islands except one. This one is of great interest, showing, as it does, the line of migration. It concerns a young bird, marked as a nestling in the Scottish county of Renfrewshire on

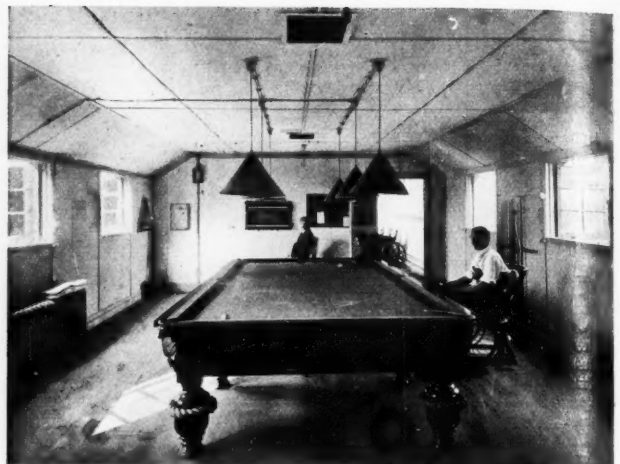
July 9th, 1921, by Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Blythe. It was recovered at Gattatico, Reggio, in the Province of Emilia in North Italy, on August 21st, 1922, on its second autumn migration, the report being made by Signor A. Tragni. The line, if continued, would take it through Tripoli into Egypt.—H. W. ROBINSON.

STARLINGS AND SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the very interesting article in your issue of April 21st, on Major Dugmore's achievements in Africa, reference is made to a supposed habit of the starling, giving it credit for destroying parasites on sheep. I am very far from believing that any such credit can be given to this bird. The habit in question was first brought to my notice over twenty-five years ago by a well known authority on black-faced sheep. He had had convenient nesting-boxes erected in many places near his house to encourage the breeding of starlings, for he believed that they did pick vermin off the backs of sheep. About the same time a sheep farmer in Selkirkshire complained to me about the numbers of starlings on his farms, and he was strongly of opinion that not only did starlings dirty the wool on a

sheep's back, but that they were never there for feeding purposes. He went even further, and maintained that the birds' excreta attracted flies which bred maggots on the sheep. Since encountering two such divergent views I have carefully watched the action of every starling which I have seen on a sheep's back, and I have never witnessed a single instance of a bird pecking in the wool. About 1912 or so I discussed the question with my friend the late Mr. William Evans of Edinburgh—certainly the most accurate observer and the most painstaking and best informed naturalist I ever met—and he agreed with my views entirely. My own observations, backed by his matured opinion, afford me no hesitation in saying that starlings do not perch on a sheep's back for the sake of food. They go there for purposes of observation; some noise has disturbed them, and the herbage or the surrounding sheep obscure their outlook. The most convenient observation point is the back of the nearest sheep, and one or more birds fly there at once. If there seems to be no cause for alarm they soon hop down and rejoin the rest of the flock feeding in the grass. If there is cause for alarm, they, of course, take to flight and the whole flock joins. No matter what their subsequent action may be, however, each individual maintains an alert position while on the sheep's back. Sometimes horses or cattle are similarly made use of, and the habit, though more noticeable in starlings, is not confined to the species. I have several times seen a jackdaw on a sheep's back, obviously on sentry duty, and at seasons, too, when it was most unlikely that wool was being pilfered for nesting purposes. It would be most interesting to learn if any of your readers have observed starlings actually pecking in the wool on a sheep. As the starling has a sharp bill and the sheep is a thin-skinned animal, the latter, I think, would probably evince considerable annoyance at the process. The action of the sheep is accordingly well worthy of note.—G. G. BLACKWOOD.



THE STAR AND GARTER HOME AT SANDGATE: OUTDOOR AND INDOOR PASTIMES.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing two pictures taken at the Star and Garter Home at Sandgate, Kent, which, as your readers will know, is the temporary home for the paralysed men for whom a new building is being erected at Richmond on the site of the old Star and Garter Hotel. The long sojourn at Sandgate, close to the sea and surrounded by attractive grounds, has had an excellent effect on the health of the patients, and all sorts of pleasant and interesting pastimes are now followed there. A number of patients, under the guidance of an instructor, have become skilled in the making and repairing of boots, there is an engineering workshop, some are interested in wireless telegraphy, and others pass their time making designs in tapestry and woolwork. As the pictures show, poultry keeping is another activity, and many patients, in spite of their disabilities, are keen billiard players, handling their cues with much dexterity while seated in their wheeled chairs. A pigeon loft, a bowling green, a cinema, a sports club and a camera club, and an orchestra and banjo band are among the other sources of amusement promoted by the authorities in their efforts to make the lives of helpless men happy in spite of their suffering. With regard to the new building at Richmond, which is Georgian in style and of which Mr. Edwin Cooper, F.R.I.B.A., is the architect, it is hoped that it may be opened in the spring of 1924. When funds permit, it is proposed to build a new wing at Sandgate containing rooms for disabled men who need the sea air. Fortunately, the Endowment Fund has in the past been well supported, but, of course, it is impossible to do too much

for an institution which has done such splendid work ever since 1916 in curing paralysis when it can be cured, and ameliorating the victim's hard lot when it cannot. Readers who want to know more about the life at Sandgate should write to the Home for a copy of their amusing and interesting quarterly, to which both patients and staff contribute—*The Star and Garter Magazine* (2s. 6d. per annum, post free).—G. F. M.

NARCISSUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—To watch the conduct of a pet when confronted by its reflection in glass or water is a perennial source of amusement; I suppose all your readers must, at some time in their childhood, have held up the kitten to the looking-glass. I think you will agree that the camera seldom catches a better study in this state of bewilderment than is shown in this picture by Mrs. E. O. Rutter. The profundity of the dog's thought is such that even in the reflection his brows seem more than usually wrinkled. I do not think his expression implies much admiration for his own beauty, but one cannot but think of Narcissus.—F.



A VANISHING TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The crow-scarer is a vanishing character of the countryside. His familiar and joyous shout of "Carr whoo" and the rattle of his "clappers" to frighten the birds off the cornfields is now rarely heard. And change has overtaken him where he still flourishes. Are there not military puttees, relics of the Great War, to be seen on the young gentleman of the trade whose photograph I am sending to you?—A. L. BONAS.



THE CROW SCARER.

FOOTPRINT SUPERSTITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is something about footprints which fascinates. What would the history of "Robinson Crusoe" be without that mark upon the sand? Everyone knows how, in the carol of "Good King Wenceslaus," the Saint bids the frozen boy, "Mark my footsteps, good my page, tread thou in them boldly," and how the child discovered that "Heat was in the very sod which the Saint had printed." In ancient Greece it was believed that if a horse touched with its hoofs the track of a wolf it would be paralysed; and among the Pythagoreans it was forbidden to stick a nail, knife or other sharp instrument into the footprints of a human being, since their actual feet would thus be sympathetically injured. This was one of the tenets of witchcraft—one of the ways by which a wizard or witch might

be detected. Follow the suspected person, and into their footprints drive a knife or nail. If he or she is truly a dealer in black magic no movement will be possible until the knife is withdrawn. This superstition, as Sir James Frazer tells us in "The Golden Bough," is found all over the world. The blackfellows of Australia believe that they can lame an enemy by putting broken glass or flints into his footprints.—VIOLET M. METHLEY.

STANDING MARTINGALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having read Colonel M. F. McTaggart's letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* on the subject of standing martingales, I venture to ask for further information on the subject, being most inter-

"PRAY TELL ME, SIR, WHOSE DOG ARE YOU?"

ested. Would Colonel McTaggart say whether there is any regulation length for this particular martingale; if so what, and how to decide—as, for instance, the running martingale is measured by the single ring being brought up to length of withers. My experience is that few people study this important item, so causing unnecessary risks.—RUTH C. MANN.

[Our correspondent's letter was forwarded to Colonel McTaggart, who replies: "Much depends upon circumstances; but take the following rule for guidance, and one can never be far wrong—Freedom for all normal positions, restraint for the abnormal."]

THE CEIRIOG VALLEY SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The proposed invasion of the Ceirio Valley in North Wales, with the object of constructing reservoirs for supplying Warrington with water, has aroused the usual storm of protest and somewhat overstrained sentiment, accompanied by exaggerated statements as to the threatened destruction of the valley and its beauties. However much one may sympathise with the well meant opponents of the scheme, it is impossible to admit that from an altruistic point of view the objections can be compared with the advantages to be derived, nor can one admit that the scenery, when the

work is completed, will suffer. As a matter of fact—and I have seen a number of reservoirs throughout the country—I have failed to find an instance where the presence of a large sheet of water has not enhanced rather than detracted from the scenery in general, particularly so in the higher reaches of open country. Nor do I conceive how anyone could imagine that the fine reservoirs such as Vyrnwy and those in the

Elan Valley spoil the surroundings in any way. The lower and prettier reaches of the Ceiriog will still be left intact for those who prefer river scenery only. It has been amply established that England must look to Wales principally for its water supply and it cannot be denied that there is a great surplus of water in the latter country. Why, then, should the Ceiriog Valley be exempted? Warrington must have its water

supply and has as much right to get it from Wales as Birkenhead and Liverpool. It would be difficult to find any area of a similar size in the United Kingdom with a greater rainfall. It is notorious for its floods, and here comes in one of the advantages of reservoirs in mitigating and regulating the effects of such floods and providing a more constant flow in the rivers during a drought.—S. O'DWYER.

CHESTER CUP & JUBILEE HANDICAP

TWO NOTABLE RACES OF THE WEEK.

EACH succeeding week is now of immense importance in racing. Possibly it is the most vital part of the season, for we are near to the Derby, and owners are learning the best or the worst (generally the latter) about their two and three year olds. Each week is associated with outstanding events in the long calendar. Two weeks ago classic races were being consigned to history. Last week the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap and the Chester Cup were duly decided, and this week has been that of the race for the Newmarket Stakes, an event which has usually been won by high class three year olds. But as to the latest celebration, more anon.

I turn now to the race at Chester for the Cup, a "star" turn in every sense and extraordinarily attractive to the people in that part of the country. For one thing the Cup has a very long and most interesting and romantic history, and then this meeting in the late spring is the only one of the year held on the quaint and unique racecourse. You have it beneath your eyes, so to say, within easy radius of your vision, and horses seem never far away from you, for it is only a mile round. Thus it is that for the Chester Cup race the competitors must actually pass the spectators in the stands three times before the judge has sorted out the winner. I marvel every time I go to Chester how so many people manage to squeeze themselves into the amphitheatre, represented by this soup-plate-like course, surrounded by the city walls on two sides, the river Dee on another, and the high viaduct of the North Western Railway on the fourth. The folk just swarm into the place and in themselves supply an extraordinary tribute to the popularity of racing there. Then the exodus when it is all over is a matter of hours. Only by slow and painful degrees can they melt away and pass along into the outer world. The narrow and ancient main thoroughfare of the city is simply impassable for an hour or two after racing on Cup day owing to the solid, slow-moving barrier of people.

It would be ridiculous to describe the racecourse as a good one. It most certainly falls far short of the ideal, chiefly because it is so "cribbed, cabined and confined." There is far too much luck in the draw. Those drawn close to the rails, if they have good initial speed to make the most of the advantage, have at least 7lb. the better of it with those drawn wide of them, and especially is this so in the sprint races. Yet we see some good horses win at Chester, and this is distinctly true of what happened there last week. Take the first and second for the

Cup, Chivalrous and Happy Man respectively. Take Papyrus, the winner of the Gold Vase. Or again, the winner of the Dee Stakes, Roger de Busli, probably an excellent representative of the second class three year olds. Beyond any question, he in particular seemed to revel in the galloping round the turns. Some horses utterly fail to do it while others, like Roger de Busli and Chivalrous, are quite extraordinary.

Yes, what Chivalrous did for the second year in succession will take a deal of beating. He had something like a stone and a half more to carry than when he won a year ago after making all the running, and yet we saw him make all the running in the same old way and win cleverly, even comfortably, by a length from the stalwart favourite, Happy Man. Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's five year old was ridden by Beary, who is in trouble with the Stewards as I write this and who was in the rails position, though badly drawn, in such quick time that he must have taken a big chance in so rapidly cutting across his field. Once there he never left the rails, going round turn after turn as if by some mechanical process, and never losing an inch of ground, which, of course, could not be said of any others. Norseman, Irish Belfry, Flint Jack and Happy Man—each in turn had a cut at him, the one to offer the serious opposition being Happy Man, but the fact is the last named was beaten by a better horse at the weights on a course which must have been more suited to the actual winner than it was to the second. Happy Man was only conceding 3lb., but, of course, he had to give away much more weight to others. His achievement, therefore, though beaten, was full of merit, but it just happens that Mr. Hardy's old horse—he is now a seven year old—is very unlucky in spite of his pluck. He gets near, but not near enough, and so does not excite the leniency of the handicappers.

It was in the Cup race a year ago that he was so badly injured as to seem to shut out any possibility that he would ever race again. But Mr. Crawford, a well known "vet" in Bombay, made a wonderful cure, and it was due to the success of an operation on the foot that we have the old horse again as a fighting force in long distance events. I fully expect him to win the King Coal Stakes at Manchester next week, and then he is to have another go at winning the Ascot Gold Cup, for which, however, Captain Cuttle is in the field and a formidable opponent for any other to take on, as we saw at Kempton Park last week. Chivalrous, too, is destined for the Gold Cup, and his trainer thinks so highly of him that already the Cup is partially



CHIVALROUS, WINNING THE CHESTER CUP FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION.



W. A. Rouch.

THE DEAD-HEATERS FOR THE JUBILEE HANDICAP: DILIGENCE (RIGHT), SIMON PURE (LEFT).

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annexed in the sense that they feel they have got a grip on it. It must all depend on how Captain Cuttle prospers in his preparation, and whether they become satisfied as the time draws near as to his getting the severe course.

Chivalrous was bred by the late Lord Falmouth, being by Amadis, which was a good winner for the late nobleman in his day. Courtesy, the dam, was by Isinglass, and the excellent breeding is a reminder of how much store Lord Falmouth set on the breeding question. He had his own ideas and they were based only on the best strains of blood in the Stud Book. Chivalrous is an example. He was bought for his present owner for 500 guineas as a yearling, having only cost 100 guineas as a foal. That happened, of course, when Lord Falmouth's blood-stock came to be disposed of after his death. Chivalrous is a fine individual, with size and power, and especially has he developed in the last year or two. His lop ears may detract from his appearance, but often they are the indication of a good horse; at least, if they are hereditary, as is generally accepted, then they are invariably a sign that the breeding is all right. I believe Chivalrous is not to run again after Ascot, and in due course he will be available as a sire. With him and the unfortunate Drake—he can never run again—Mrs. Whitburn will be tempted to take on the rôle of breeder on quite a considerable scale.

I shall not soon forget the race last Saturday for the Jubilee Handicap. A hundred yards from the finish Diligence, Simon Pure and Condoover came racing towards the judge in almost a dead straight line. Either might win, and all were heavily backed horses. Which would it be? You can imagine the extreme tension. Donoghue was on Diligence, Frank Bullock on Simon Pure, and H. Beasley on the other. I do not say these jockeys were seen at their best. Probably not, as Diligence, and Condoover in particular, were pressed for room, but they certainly did the best possible in the circumstances. Twenty yards from the post Diligence had his head in front. He was holding Condoover, the middle horse, but Bullock was getting all possible out of his horse, and the favourite was putting in some grand work. Only the judge could say what had won, though from my position I thought Diligence had just stayed there. However, a dead heat was the outcome, with Condoover placed only a neck away third. Rock Fire, owned by Sir Francis Price, was close up fourth, and then came Pondoland (a disappointment once more), Clochnaben, and the rest of a field of eleven.

I have no doubt the result was in every way appropriate to the occasion. Two grand types of the thoroughbred are the dead heaters. Their owners happen to be members of the Jockey Club, and both of them race on the very highest and best lines. I refer to Mr. Salvin, the owner of Simon Pure, and Lord Lonsdale, whose colours were carried by Diligence. Simon Pure is certainly the best horse sired by Simon Square, and I do not forget that he ran fourth for the Derby a year ago, while he was not discredited when he failed the other day to give 20lb. to Pharos. The latter will see to that, his admirers think, when he comes to compete for the Derby. Diligence, by Hurry On from Ecurie, was always a horse of much promise as a three year old, but he never quite fulfilled it. But he has already made a big mark as a four year old, and I do not doubt that he has benefited by the change of training quarters from Newmarket to Beckhamp-ton. For he is bigger, harder, and splendidly furnished, and I have not seen a horse with more muscular development behind the saddle, not even Captain Cuttle. In a way Hurry On is a marvellous sire, and the good he is doing for the benefit of the British thoroughbred generally is simply inestimable, for his stock have that size, power, bone and substance which in recent times had seemed to be disappearing quantities. I

believe that had Diligence had a race in him this year, as in the case of Simon Pure, he would certainly have won the Jubilee Handicap outright. He just lacked that fire and extra zest which the race in public imparts after a lengthy absence from a racecourse. I expect Donoghue will share that view, and if I am right then Diligence will go on to better things. The fact reminds me that Lord Lonsdale's St. Leger winner, Royal Lancer, recently met with an accident in training, which will delay his re-appearance for some time. The fact is most regrettable as he had been showing such marked improvement both physically and by his way of galloping. The highest hopes were being entertained of him.

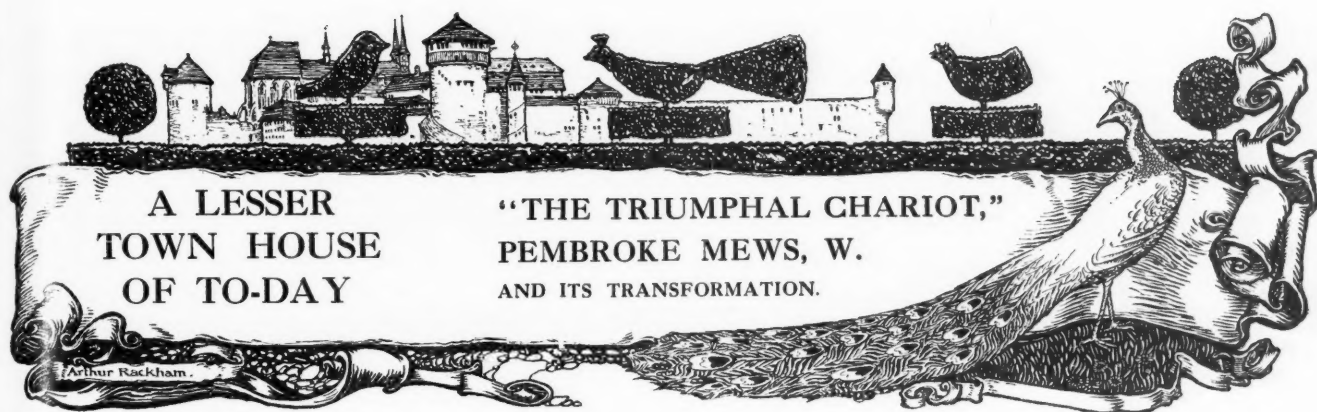
Condoover is an unlucky sort of horse, in that there are generally one or two just too good for him, as was the case in the City and Suburban and the Jubilee Handicap. Of others that ran for the latter race I made a favourable note of Harpenden, because of his improvement in looks, and for the reason that I think he is sure to run well next week for the Manchester Cup. He struck me as wanting a longer course than the mile and a quarter at Kempton Park. Another one to make a note of is Rock Fire, which was not as well away as several others and yet ran very well. He is not in the Manchester Cup race, but his day will come.

I should not be a faithful recorder of first-hand impressions were I not to mention the outing given to Papyrus, when that colt was sent to Chester to win the Vase. He ran pretty well for the Two Thousand Guineas and he still has lots of admirers for the Derby. In the circumstances they would be glad he won that race at Chester, but they should understand that his task was extremely simple. To have any pretensions of winning the Derby he had necessarily to beat, and easily too at the weights, horses like Poisoned Arrow, a year ago unable to win a Cambridgeshire under a comparatively low weight; Triumph, with no special record of successes, and Puttenden, only moderate. The point is that Papyrus did win easily and that the outing would do him good. I am satisfied that he will be all the better for the profitable visit to Chester, and that, being an exceptionally handy sort with speed and stamina, he is a live proposition still in an exceedingly open and confusing Derby.

Town Guard has missed one or two more engagements, including the Newmarket Stakes, and thus the idea is that he shall come a fresh horse to Epsom. This may or may not be in his favour. His trainer, of course, is shaping his policy, as he thinks, for the best and he should be the best judge. But I shall always believe a horse is better for a preliminary outing, though there are conspicuous examples to the contrary. The trainer of My Lord was keen on getting that colt on to a race-course and accordingly had to send him to Haydock Park for a minor affair. As he quite satisfied Charles Morton it does not trouble me what other people think. The two Thousand Guineas winner, Ellangowan, has made most satisfactory progress, while something more about Twelve Pointer will be known by reason of his expected participation in the race for the Newmarket Stakes. I could go on at length discussing the Derby, but it is an interminable subject in its present perplexing state, and space, anyhow, will not permit.

May I offer congratulations to Mr. F. M. Prior on bringing out, through the *Sportsman*, Vol. VI of the "Register of Thoroughbred Stallions, 1923." It is surely indispensable for all interested in breeding, since they have tabulated here the pedigrees and racing performances of two hundred sires in the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the appendix, with its shorter pedigrees of four hundred and fifty-two additional stallions. It is ever a pleasure to take up the book and open it at random. It never fails to give interest, instruction and pleasure, and I can thoroughly recommend it.

PHILIPPOS.



IT is becoming possible again to get a house, though the house of moderate size is still hard to find in London. But two or three years ago things were very different, and many expedients were adopted to meet the post-war conditions. Prominent among them has been the adaptation of a mews, and in the West End there are many instances to show what a pleasing little house can thus be contrived. The transformation of a "pub" into a private house must, however, be accounted quite out of the ordinary. The greater the interest, therefore, in what was done to "The Triumphal Chariot," which started life apparently in Georgian days, had enjoyed a Victorian prosperity, and then had fallen to a poor estate, so that when "discovered" a few years ago it stood untenanted and forlorn, hidden away in Pembroke Mews, which opens off Halkin Street, to the east of Belgrave Square.

Its name is curious, and there is no convincing explanation of it. One rather feels that it must have derived from proximity to some place whence a State or similar resplendent coach issued on grand occasions. But the author of "Antiquarian Rambles in London Streets" suggests that it had a martial derivation from the fact that the soldiery from the neighbouring barracks were its chief supporters. The author tells us that "in the middle of the last century this and other public-houses were much resorted to by the red-coats on Sundays and review days, when long wooden seats were fixed in the street before the doors, for the accommodation of as many barbers, all busily employed in powdering the hair of these sons of Mars." This, however, relates to the past, whereas our immediate concern is the present.

The transformation that we see was carried out by Mr. R. S. Hudson, who was seeking a house in a world which offered none; and he perceived that "The Triumphal Chariot," dreary enough as it then appeared, could be made to serve his needs. So the house was acquired, and a scheme for transforming it was evolved; a skilful builder being engaged to carry out the work.

The front of the house, except for repainting and a new door and threshold, has been left unaltered. It is a very plain



THE EXTERIOR, FROM THE MEWS.

front, its austerity giving no indication of the charm of character which is within. The entrance is framed in by pilasters that carry the simplest of entablatures, and within this frame is a pair of doors painted heraldic blue, with black door furniture of elegant form, the steps being laid with black marble. In the tavern days of "The Triumphal Chariot" this entrance led into the public bar, to the right of which was the private bar, the whole ground floor of the building being, in fact, a drinking place, with cellars below, a living-room and kitchen on the first floor, and bedrooms on the two floors above. In transforming the building to suit its new needs the space adjacent to the entrance was divided off by panelled partitions, and thus a pleasant little entrance hall was made, with the stairs rising from the further end of it. To the left of this hall the "bar" was transformed into a dining-room, with a bay added on the south side, which overlooks a large grass plot (once a covered riding school) that extends at the back of the houses in Halkin Street.

Having formed the "bar" into an admirable dining-room, the next thing was to alter the "private bar" side. This became a butler's pantry, with a servants' hall adjoining. There is a service





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TWO VIEWS OF THE DINING-ROOM.

Formerly the "bar" of the tavern.

"C.L."

lift from the kitchen to the pantry, and access is also given to the kitchen by stairs leading down from the servants' hall. At the end of the entrance hall lavatory and coat accommodation is provided.

On the first floor the living-room of the tavern became the drawing-room of the house of to-day, and the former kitchen (which was over the private bar) was transformed into an attractive study. On the two floors above, the bedrooms were remodelled and equipped so as to bring them up to date. The bay already referred to in the dining-room was continued down to the kitchen and up to the drawing-room on the first floor, in each case giving considerable added space to the rooms, and providing much needed extra light.

So much for the general re-arrangement of the house. Now something concerning its decorative treatment.

In the entrance hall the panelling and stairs are painted white, the floor is laid with parquet, and the doors opening to right and left are six-panelled mahogany doors with shallow enrichments. Entering the dining-room we see that this also is panelled throughout, the panelling being old pine panelling which has been scraped and the mellow tone of the wood thus exposed. It is very restful and pleasing. The cornice is a modern addition. A fine old Portuguese carpet covers the greater part of the parquet floor, while on the chimney-breast four decorative coats of arms add further notes of colour. The windows are hung with a reproduction of Jacobean needlework curtains. The furniture consists entirely of old pieces, mostly of the Charles II and Queen Anne periods. There is, however, no strict following of any period throughout the house, pieces of different ages being used; and once again we see how these can all live happily together. The drawing-room, too, has wood panelled walls, painted a Georgian green, with mouldings picked out in a slightly lighter tone. With its southern aspect and harmonious character, this room is extremely pleasant. The door opening into it from the landing is a beautiful old mahogany door, rescued from some fine old house, and a similar door opens on the opposite side of the landing into the study. This study has its walls painted Chinese yellow. There is a simple mantel around the fireplace with a book-filled niche on either side, the window being hung with a yellow



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THE STUDY.

"C.L."



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

net curtain, which floods the room with glowing light. The dado moulding here is another fragment of the past, having been secured from the now dismantled Hamilton Palace.

In the bedrooms above perhaps the most noteworthy features are the built-in fitments, more especially that which extends across one end of the best bedroom. This has its central portion fitted for dresses and hats, being lighted by one of the windows on the front of the house—an ingenious

adaptation of an existing feature. Descending last of all to the basement, we find provided a most up-to-date kitchen and appurtenant rooms in what was cellar space. And here, again, the best use has been made of recesses, by fitting them as enclosed cupboards for various stores.

Thus has "The Triumphal Chariot" been transformed, making a delightful house with no semblance of its former self.

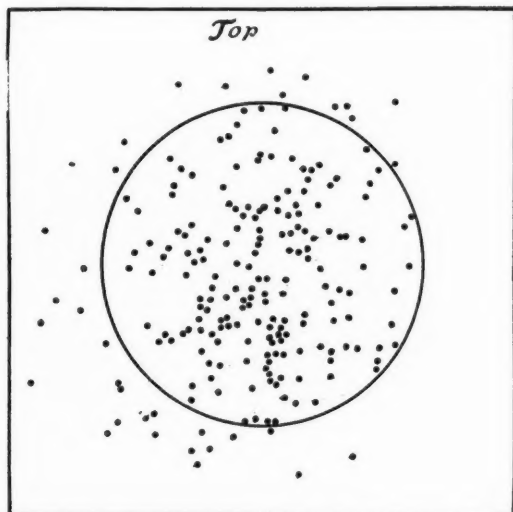
R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

FINDING A CHARGE FOR THE 28 BORE.

NOBEL'S, in their trade catalogue, name 28 grains and 9-16ths of an ounce as the standard charge for the 28-bore 2½ in. case. Even when using a felt 7-16ths of an inch thick this load did not fill the case sufficiently to prevent an excess depth of turnover. When loading a case of these attenuated dimensions I consider so thick a felt as that named is anyhow quite out of proportion to diameter, also a waste of space having regard to the natural weight and strength of the gun, the latter in view of the small area of the cartridge head upon which the gases exert their opening effort. Using a ¾ in. felt I found that ⅝ oz. of shot could be accommodated,



A FULL CHOKE 28 BORE AT 30YDS., ⅝ OZ. 221 PELLETS.
CIRCLE 30INS., REST OF TARGET 4FT. SQUARE.

and as Tatham's American size No. 7½ was selected for use, the remarkable total of 221 pellets in the charge was attained. Two rounds fired for velocity gave 1,046 and 1,008 feet per second over 20yds., the average 1,027 f.s. being above what might be deemed necessary for an admittedly short range gun. The pressure was undoubtedly a trifle high, not sufficient to imply danger, but showing itself in a tendency on the part of the pellets occasionally to coagulate and so throw a few balls in each charge, consisting as a rule of three or four pellets. There was nothing to prevent a test for pattern, hence the following pellets were counted in the 30in. circle at the distances named:

40 yards:	138	30 yards:	183 (Illustration)
	129		193
	137		193
	155		186
	124		193
	—		—

Average 137=62 per cent.

Average 190=86 per cent.

The high degree of choke in the gun used has raised the effect of this tiny cartridge to a level comparable with that of a 12-bore game gun of ordinary specification, but this quality, granting the smaller size pellet, exists only inside the circle, the outside fringe of pellets being robbed in proportion. The first round in the 30yds. series has been selected for reproduction.

LOW POTENTIAL LOADING.

Personally I believe that a mistake has been made in fixing the load of this tiny calibre so as to reproduce 12-bore conditions of velocity, though in saying so I am condemning my own work more than that of anyone else, since all the modern tables of

loads have emanated directly or indirectly from myself. There is no magic about the 1,050 f.s. velocity of the standard game charge, but it happens to be associated with a satisfactory grade of pressure and other evidences of perfect combustion of the powder. By comparison with the 12-bore a 28-bore is a pressure-breeding size of cartridge, therefore a rather different scheme of loading seems to be called for. I refer to the system known as low-potential loading, which consists in greatly increasing the quantity of shot while so lessening the amount of powder as to produce both a moderate pressure and lower velocity. The cartridge under notice comfortably holds 17 grains of powder and ⅝ oz. of shot, the velocity for this combination proving to be 910 f.s., which, by the way, is a favourite value among discriminating clay bird shots. A grain more powder gave 989 f.s. velocity, this probably being excessive. However, what is interesting to know is that the 28-bore can fire practically the same charge that is loaded into the game size of cartridge when prepared for use by shooting schools. Having regard to the large total of pellets that is contained in ⅝ oz. of shot size No. 7, or still smaller if chilled American shot is used, we can see that a bore of gun, which at first seems to be below the limit of practical usefulness, should prove itself capable of good duty for certain oddments of work such as appeal strongly to those who like to carry a toy size of gun during casual strolls. Accepting 30yds. as the limit range of the gun, we can certainly pronounce the velocity associated with the charge named as adequate. As mentioned in my notes last week, the gun had to be returned before I could complete my work, but I expect shortly to be in a position to apply a more extended and practical test to the fascinating load here introduced to notice. Meanwhile we may remember that the 28-bore is the favourite gun for filling the pot by those who adventure into wild places.

KENNEL CLUB FINANCE.

One often reads in papers which devote their attention to doggie matters criticisms of the Kennel Club on the grounds that the registration fees it charges are appropriated to some unknown extent for subsidising the social side of the organisation. Judging by questions asked and propositions advanced, the accounts are mildly nebulous in regard to this debated point of allocation. In endeavouring to look at the matter in a common-sense way we must first of all recognise the importance of the services rendered and the necessarily costly system of card indexing and general supervision which is involved. Many societies which govern in their respective fields of endeavour find difficulty in establishing definite sources of income. The Scouts Association, to name only one, engages in trading operations, but even then is from time to time forced to take strenuous action in order to make ends meet. With the Kennel Club there is abundant income, and only the one blot that the income raised is alleged to exceed the just requirements. The personality of the members is such that they cannot possibly be supposed incapable of paying the due costs of their social advantages, and there can further be no doubt that they would do well to separate on strict accountancy principles the two categories of income and expenditure, to the end that the registration fees now charged may either be justified as a necessary covering for the services rendered or else be brought within that status.

A TRAPSHOOTING LANDMARK.

On the 12th inst. I attended an enthusiastic and well attended gathering of clay bird shooters whose purpose was to receive the accounts of the first completed year of the British Trapshooters' Association, to elect officers and to transact general business. The financial position is good, the balance taken over from the previous Association having received a large accretion in the interval. Support has come from all quarters: in fact, there is every reason to conclude that trapshooting at

clays fills a definite space in the sporting activities of our country. The trapshooter is first and foremost a lover of the gun; second, he is a sociable sort of creature; and third, takes definite delight in testing his highly tuned shooting faculties under conditions the most exacting. What the game shot considers a quick and well timed action would allow the clay to get hopelessly out of range. And the margin for error is very small, a heavily choked barrel being necessary to ensure enough hitting pellets to make a clean smash of the tiny target. If a presentable score is to be made, speed and precision in their highest manifestations are thus demanded, and that there is joy, both in effort and attainment, is proved by the keenness of the participants, whose number

includes several very competent ladies. Funnily enough, there is still a division of opinion as to whether one or two barrels should be allowed at each bird. To my mind the very difficulty of getting off the first cartridge while the bird is within killable distance seems to debar any attempt to supplement a miss by its probable duplicate. That a substantial proportion favour the double discharge merely proves the difficulty of settling such questions by what may strike one as common-sense reasoning. That both systems are given a fair show is, perhaps, the best answer to criticisms. The game shooting analogy does not help, since the habit of taking long second shots at going-away birds is as harmful as it is easy to fall into.

LAWN TENNIS PROSPECTS FOR THE SUMMER

“WE’VE got Norton and Lycett and Wheatley; we are not so bad; why, we might win.” This was said in answer to the usual wail that England no longer produces lawn tennis players likely to carry off the Davis Cup. It set five people talking at once to explain that Mr. Norton and Mr. Wheatley were from South Africa and that Mr. Lycett had learned his lawn tennis in Australia, “where they *can* play lawn tennis.” The hullabaloo became after a time a discussion why we couldn’t. Inability to play in this sense means inability to beat Mr. Tilden and a few others; and judged by that standard it had to be admitted that the inability was manifest and the prospects for the season the blackest. Judged by any other standard they are bright enough. An enormous and increasing number of people seem to get a lot of fun out of the game without doing anything markedly Tildenish with the ball; new courts are being laid down everywhere; and the kind of difficulty that faces the organiser of tournaments is to hit on a date not already chosen by some rival organiser, and to devise some method of reducing his entries to the scale of his accommodation. Every day people pay money to newspapers to advertise for a lawn tennis coach, and they might have saved it if they had consulted the same newspaper first, for it would have been found to contain an offer from some other advertiser to teach lawn tennis “perfectly.” This canny fellow does not undertake, it will be observed, that the pupil will learn it perfectly; but there is evidence enough that many people want to play lawn tennis and can find opportunities for playing it. So there will still be a great deal of lawn tennis played and enjoyed through the coming summer whether our Davis Cup team be composed of old gentlemen nominated by somnolent reactionaries or of young gentlemen picked out by conscientious reformers; and whether in the actual encounter the young gentlemen do rather worse than had been hoped and the old gentlemen rather better. The average man does want his own side to win; and if Major Kingscote were to be at the top of his form next month at Wimbledon and win the Championship, the cheering would be hearty and genuine, and there would be a lot of leaders about it next day: but would the body of English players get more fun out of their game for that?

Probably, in the long run, they would, though they would not be conscious that the world was a better place, as is sometimes suggested. An English victory in the Championship would give a fillip to the game; a certain number of people would abandon their ambition of taking fewer strokes than

Mr. Wethered or making more centuries than Hobbs and would set themselves to outdo Major Kingscote. They would demand conditions calculated to improve their play, and sooner or later they would get them. And from this point of view the folk who make a national question of our failure to win the Davis Cup are doing a service to the game. They look about for a cause, and blame the system at the Public Schools, or the price of balls, or the match committee, or the tournament secretary, or the groundman, or what not; and, if they look hard enough, they probably find something wrong and get it remedied. It is one of the few drawbacks to lawn tennis that it has to be played fairly well to be a good game, and it is impossible to acquire the necessary proficiency unless the conditions are good. The critics do a service by clamouring for improvement. By increasing the number of capable players they may give the selectors of international teams a wider field to choose from, and thus attain their own ostensible ends; but it is unlikely that they will directly raise the standard of our best players in relation to those of other countries, for those players already play under the best conditions and give their time and attention to the game. Their comparative ill-success is probably due to causes which no criticism can affect—the English climate and the English temperament. The climate does not make for loose shoulders; and the Englishman, whatever he may say, and however wrapped up in a game he may appear to be, seldom concentrates on those departments of it which do not amuse him. But the rank and file of players will profit by the campaigning. For instance, they will get better courts. It is a miracle that the ordinary English grass court has bred anything better than a nation of C 3 lawn tennis players.

It is admitted that no one can learn the game except on a true surface, and yet English players are so easygoing that until recently the grass at Queen’s Club—the chief lawn tennis club in central London—has been used for Rugby football as well as lawn tennis. The removal of the University Rugby match to Twickenham has brought about a change in the policy of the club. The importance of the surface is now authoritatively recognised. At a luncheon given at the club a few days ago to mark the opening of the grass season it was announced that a large number of grass courts had been most carefully prepared, and, furthermore, that a certain proportion of them were always to be *rested*. This is something in the nature of an official pronouncement that it is not in the interests of the game to encourage lawn tennis players to play on a grass court that does not provide a suitable surface.
E. E. M.

THE BOX HILL FUND

NEARING THE LAST THOUSAND.

IN the opposite column to-day we have the great pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a cheque for £300 from a donor who makes it a condition that his name should not be divulged and the contribution acknowledged simply as “Anonymous.” Needless to say, the gift is none the less welcome because of a condition which shows that the giver is animated solely by a desire that the land should become the property of the public. It will be satisfaction enough to him if he knows that the remainder of the money is found and the acquisition of the land made an accomplished fact. It will be seen that the total now amounts to close on £6,000. That is inclusive of the amounts promised as well as received.

Whitsuntide will bring a stream of vehicles of every sort—bicycles and ’buses, the tradesman’s pony-cart and the professional man’s motor—to the Surrey roads. Thousands of Londoners will be making the most of the short holiday, does it rain or shine, and hurrying to the countryside. Hundreds of them will turn their steps in the direction of Box Hill and keep a pastoral festival upon its green slopes and under its box trees. No one, we feel, who has stood there upon a public holiday and

looked down on the road over Burford Bridge, marking the number of these refugees from the City, but will be moved to wish the Box Hill Fund well. Many will have a new hope in their hearts who climb the hill this Whitsuntide and—

... see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.

They will be looking forward to the day when Box Hill will be their own, when the last shadow of fear that the builder will snatch it from them will have vanished. That shadow has become very faint already, and we trust that in the course of a few weeks the continued generosity of our readers will have banished it altogether.

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged as received or promised	5,618	17	3
Anonymous	300	0	0
Mr. N. McCracken	5	0	0
“Brockham Schools and Homes,” April 26th	2	0	0
	£5,925	17	3



Painted by G. Moreland.

Engraved by J.R. Smith.

RURAL AMUSEMENT.